

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Correspondence,	57
1. Last Days of the Emperor Alexander,	<i>Athenæum</i> , 58
2. Milton's Blindness,	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> , 67
3. Selden's Table Talk,	<i>Christian Observer</i> , 69
4. Thiers' History of Napoleon,	<i>Tait's Magazine</i> , 73
5. The Author's Daughter,	<i>Mary Howitt</i> , 89

SCRAPS and POETRY.—Gurneyism; Aviary, 66—Lithography; The Stepmother, 87—The Longing; Jews, 88.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE long-continued drought so far lessened the water in Charles' River, that Messrs. Curtis were unable to supply us with paper in season, and we have to apologize to our readers for some temporary irregularity. The rain which has fallen, is, we hope, sufficient to prevent a return of the difficulty.

THE opinion that the death of the Emperor Alexander was occasioned by poison, has been so prevalent as to give much interest to the narrative of his Last Days, which we copy from the *Athenæum*.

HARPER & BROTHERS go on rapidly with their *Illustrated Bible*. It has reached No. 39, and extends into the Apocrypha. They have also published *The American Shepherd*: being a history of the sheep, with their breeds, management, and diseases, by L. A. Morrell. This looks very much as if our American manufacturers would shortly do with wool, what they have already done with cotton. No. 11 of the *Encyclopædia of Domestic Economy* nearly completes this excellent book, which contains valuable directions for all departments. After so much that is solid, a little recreation may be allowable, and the same house sends us, *The Bosom Friend*, a novel. From the motto, "A bosom serpent—a domestic evil"—we suppose that the friend is worse than naught.

Wiley & Putnam's *Library of Choice Reading*, No. 25, contains the second part of *Hazlitt's Table Talk*. Their *Library of American Books*, Nos. 4, 5 and 6, are *The Wigwam and the Cabin*: by W. Gilmore Sims. *Big Abel and Little Manhattan*: by Cornelius Mathews. *Wanderings of a Pilgrim under the Shadow of Mont Blanc*: by George B. Cheever, D. D. All these books are very attractive in their appearance, and promise much gratification to the reader. We regret that

we are forced to postpone the gratification of our own taste.

MR. LESTER's Medici Series of Italian Prose, No. 4, is, *The Citizen of a Republic*, what are his rights, his duties, and privileges, and what should be his education. By Ansaldo Ceba, a Genoese Republican of the 16th Century. Dedicated to John Quincy Adams.

Hunt's Merchants' Magazine and Commercial Review ought to be read by every young man of business, and contains abundant materials for the study of legislators.

Southern Literary Messenger has been sent to us by Messrs. Redding & Co.

ARTIFICIAL STONE.—At Augsburg, another architect, Herr Alois Steiermann, has invented an artificial stone; which, for solidity, is said to surpass the best free-stone, is one third its cost, and to which any form can be given in the manufacture. It is composed of river-sand, clay, and a cement whose composition is the inventor's secret. It has been submitted to the proof of air, pressure, and fire, and resists them all. The King of Bavaria has given his gold medal of civil merit to Herr Steiermann, for this useful invention.—*Athenæum*.

THE QUEEN, breaking through the rigid etiquette of an English court, and catching something of the spirit of the people among whom she found herself, has ventured to pay a visit to a mere literary Professor. This courtesy, the first of the kind which Literature, Science or the Arts have received from her Island-Majesty, she paid to Dr. Bischoff, at Bonn. We fear, however, that literature must not plume itself on this recognition—for Dr. Bischoff was the director of Prince Albert's studies during his residence at that University. It is consolatory to know, that as this visit to a foreign Professor had a special grace of its own, it will take nothing from the grace of any personal recognition that may hereafter occur to her majesty of such titles at home.—*Athenæum*.

From the Athenæum.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER.

BY ROBERT LEE, M.D., F.R.S.

On the 5th of November, 1824, I arrived at Cologne on my way from London to Odessa, to join the family of Count Woronzow, in the capacity of physician to his excellency. The weather had been very tempestuous during the whole journey from England, and torrents of rain had fallen. The Rhine had overflowed its banks to a greater extent than had ever before been remembered. From the cathedral and spire of the town-house the inundation presented a striking and melancholy spectacle. The whole level country was covered with water, and the river with the wrecks it was floating away. The following day, many miles before reaching Andernach, the road was inundated by the Rhine, and it was necessary to embark in a boat and be towed up the stream by a number of men on the shore. The rope by which it was dragged against the rapid current frequently became entangled among the chimneys of houses and tops of trees, when suddenly getting loose, the boat ran great risk of being upset, to the extreme danger of the passengers. The night had begun to set in long before this dangerous voyage was completed, and the river was becoming more and more rapid, rushing against our boat with increasing violence. The darkness had increased so much that every object around us had become indistinct, and our situation truly perilous, when the full moon unexpectedly rising above the mountains of the Rhine, our apprehensions of danger were removed, and our feelings of anxiety lost, in admiration of the magnificence of the scenery around us.

Having reached Coblenz about midnight I crossed the river with difficulty the following afternoon to Ehrenbreitstein, from whence my journey was continued to Francfort without interruption. I saw from a hill between Limburg and Wiesbaden, to a distance, as far as the eye could reach, the Rhine and the Maine, like two arms of the sea covering the whole of the flat country, and it was estimated that no less than 50,000 persons were ruined by this extensive inundation. Passing through Wurtzburg and Nuremberg, I reached Ratisbon on the 15th of November. The wind blew and the rain fell without ceasing during the whole of my journey from Francfort. The Danube had risen as much above its ordinary level as the Rhine, and was rushing with its characteristic impetuosity, fearfully increased at this time, through all the fifteen arches of the old bridge of Ratisbon. It appeared to me surprising that this structure, which had been built seven hundred years before, should be able to withstand the force of such a mighty torrent.

A frightful and disastrous inundation also took place at this time at St. Petersburg, of which the following description has been furnished me by my friend Dr. Gibbs, of Exeter, then residing at St. Petersburg:—

"The autumnal equinoctial gales most generally prevail at St. Petersburg from the south-west, by which the waters of the Gulf of Finland and Neva are much increased. So it was in 1824, and for some weeks the wind continued from nearly the same quarter. The night of the 18th of November was very stormy, and at daylight of the 19th

it blew a hurricane from W.S.W., by which the stream of the river, the upper part at least, was reversed, and the waters, running higher than ever remembered, soon caused the lower parts of the city and neighborhood of the embouchure to be inundated. At nine o'clock in the morning I attempted to cross the Voskresenskoy bridge of boats on my way to the General Naval Hospital, on the Wyborside, but was unable, owing to the great elevation. I then paid some professional visits, and at eleven called on Prince Narishkin, who had already given orders to remove the furniture from his lower apartments, the water then being above the level of the Fontanka canal opposite to his residence. From this time the rise was rapid, and at half-past eleven, when I returned to my house, in the great Millione, the water was gushing upwards through the gratings of the sewers, filling the streets and court-yards with which every house is provided. A servant took me on his back from the droshky, my horses at that time being above their knees, and conveyed me to the landing of the staircase. The wind now blew in awful gusts, and the noise of the tempest with the cries of the people in the streets was terrific. It was not long ere boats were seen in the streets with vast quantities of fire-wood and other articles floating about. As there was an ascent to my coach-house and stables, the water there attained but to four feet in depth; in most, however, it was necessary to get both horses and cows up to the landing places of the stairs in order to save them, though the loss of animals was great. Now and then a horse was seen swimming across from one pavement to another, the deepest part of the streets of St. Petersburg being in the centre. The number of rats drowned on this occasion was inconceivable, and of dogs and cats not a few. The crisis seemed to be from one to three in the afternoon, at which hour the wind having veered round a couple of points to the northward, the waters began to abate, and by four o'clock the tops of the iron posts, three feet in height, by the side of the pavement made their appearance. The reflux of the water was tremendous, causing much damage, and carrying off fire-wood, boards, lumber, and all sorts of rubbish, with various articles of furniture. From the commencement of the inundation the report of the signal cannon, fired first at the Galleyhaven, at the entrance of the river, then at the admiralty dock-yard, and lastly at the fortress, was continued at intervals as a warning to the inhabitants, and added not a little to the horror of the scene. At five o'clock, persons were seen on the pavements carrying lanterns, and the rattling of equipages was heard an hour afterwards. The depth of water in the different parts of the city varied from four to nine and ten feet; but along the border of the Gulf of Finland, and especially in the low suburb of the Galleyhaven before alluded to, the depth was from fourteen to eighteen feet, and many of the small wooden houses built on piles were carried away, inmates and all. A few were floated up the Neva, rocking about with poor creatures clinging on the roof. Some of these perished; others were taken off, at a great risk, by boats from the admiralty yard, which had been ordered out by the express command of his imperial majesty, who stood during the greatest part of the day on the balcony of the winter palace, giving the necessary orders. The government ironworks, near the shore of the gulf, and two

miles distant, were almost annihilated, and the loss of life was great. This establishment was afterwards removed to the left and elevated bank of the Neva, five versts above the city. Vessels of various kinds, boats, timber, &c., floated over the parapets of the quays on the banks of the Neva and canals, into the streets and squares, and were for the most part afterwards broken up for fuel. As the lower part of most houses in St. Petersburg is occupied by shopkeepers and artisans of various descriptions, so these unfortunate people sustained much loss, and until their dwellings were considered to be sufficiently dried by means of stoves, found refuge and maintenance with their neighbors in the upper apartments. A German shoemaker with his family, lived below me, and in this way became my guests for the space of eight days. The wind continued providentially to get round to the north during the night of the 19th, and a smart frost taking place on the following morning, rendered the roads and streets extremely slippery, but doing much good by the dryness it produced. On the 20th, the Emperor Alexander, ever benevolent and humane, visited those parts of the city and suburbs most afflicted by this catastrophe, and in person bestowed alms and consolation to the sufferers, for the most part of the lower classes, and in every way afforded such relief, both then and afterwards, as won for him the still greater love and admiration of his people and of the foreign residents in St. Petersburg. To assist the emperor's benevolent views, a subscription was entered into, and the British residents came forward, as usual, with their wonted liberality. As nothing official was published as to the actual loss of lives on this melancholy occasion, it is impossible to state otherwise than by report. The authorities were shy on this subject; but from what information I could obtain, twelve or fifteen hundred persons must have perished. Owing to the damp and unwholesome state of the lower parts of the houses and cellars, the mortality during the subsequent winter was nearly doubled, from typhus chiefly, as also from affection of the lungs; and many dated their rheumatic pains and various other maladies to the sufferings they then underwent."

The effects of this calamity were still visible more than a year after, when I visited St. Petersburg, subsequent to the death of the Emperor Alexander. The red painted lines on the houses still remained to mark the height to which the waters had risen. In the inundation of 1752, the waters of the Neva rose eleven feet, and in that of 1777, the most extensive and destructive that had ever before occurred, they rose fourteen feet above the ordinary level of the river.

The Danube and the surrounding country were covered by a dense fog during my journey from Ratisbon to Vienna, where I arrived on the 21st of November, 1824, and set out for the Russian frontier on the 29th. The same evening I reached Brünn, the capital of Moravia, where I remained till the 2d of December, the anniversary of the battle of Austerlitz, which was fought near this town, nineteen years before. Here I met an Austrian cavalry officer, on his way from Italy to Galicia, who was in the battle, and gave a vivid description of it. He said it commenced between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, and was nearly over by mid-day, and that in the very short space of four hours 40,000 men were either killed,

wounded, or made prisoners. It was the first battle in which the Emperor Alexander had been present, and from an eminence near the field he saw a great part of his army destroyed, and the remainder retreating in confusion upon Austerlitz, pursued by the enemy. His troops fought, I was assured, with the most determined bravery, and that the victory which the French gained was due entirely to the transcendent military genius of Napoleon. When the Russian and Austrian columns were descending from the heights which formed the key of their position, and were marching round the French, to attack their right wing, and cut off their communication with Vienna, Napoleon encouraged the allies to make this false movement, and before it was completed, he drove his masses of infantry, like a wedge, against their flank and centre, cut their army into two parts, and afterwards quickly routed them, as Lord Nelson had before done to the French fleet at Trafalgar, after breaking their line. Europe felt the shock of the battle of Austerlitz like that of an earthquake. "Henceforth we may close the map of Europe for half a century," said Mr. Pitt, on receiving the fatal tidings. But Alexander, though defeated, was not wholly vanquished on this occasion. He persevered, till his allies ceased to coöperate with him, and the entire subjugation of his empire was threatened, to discharge the solemn obligations he had sworn to fulfil during his nocturnal visit with the King of Prussia, a month before, to the tomb of Frederick the Great. After the battle of Friedland, he was compelled to yield to the force of circumstances which he could not control, and it is difficult to believe, that if Alexander had been desirous to conceal from the English government the secret articles of the treaty of Tilsit that they could have succeeded (by any bribe, however great) in obtaining so speedily a perfect knowledge of the means by which England was saved. The capture of the Danish fleet, which followed this discovery, there can be no doubt inspired the emperor with secret hope and joy.

I continued my route through Poland by Cracow and Lemberg to Brody, and there entering Russia, traversed the Ukraine to Odessa, where I arrived on the 8th of January, 1825. The winter soon set in with great severity; the Black Sea on that coast was frozen, and the communication with Constantinople and the Mediterranean entirely cut off. At the end of January a great quantity of snow fell and lay, both on the land and sea, till the commencement of April, when the ice floated away to the south, and vegetation began to appear on the steppe. Odessa, which had no existence half a century before this period, now contained upwards of 36,000 inhabitants and carried on an extensive commerce with Turkey and the countries in the south of Europe. In the streets of the town were seen Greeks, Jews, Russians, Poles, Germans, French, Americans, and English, in the costumes of their respective nations. The governor general, Count Wernzow, was surrounded with military and civil officers, who had either distinguished themselves in the public service or were eminent for their rank and talents. The dreary and monotonous winter months of Scythia passed quickly and agreeably away in the society of those who had served in the Persian, Turkish, and French wars; and who had witnessed both the burning of Moscow and the capture of Paris. Society at Odessa seemed as free and unrestrained

as in London, and there was nothing apparent to a stranger from which it could at this time be suspected that a conspiracy existed to destroy the Emperor Alexander, and subvert the government of the country.

During the summer I visited Kief, and the greater part of the country extending between the Dnieper and the Dniester, which was at that time suffering from the ravages of locusts. They appeared in the Crimea in 1819, and had continued in it until 1823—that year the crops were completely devoured by them. From thence they spread westward as far as Bessarabia, and to the north upwards of 300 miles from the sea, and in the autumn of 1824, their eggs had been deposited in the earth, not only in these fertile provinces, but throughout the whole tract of country extending eastward from the Dnieper beyond the Don, to the Caucasus. I had seen their ova during the winter dug out of the earth, when they presented the appearance of clusters of small yellow sacs or bags. In the month of May the young ones began to issue from the ground in myriads, at which time they did not exceed the fifth of an inch in length, and could only crawl along the surface. In a few weeks they had greatly enlarged, and could leap considerable distances, like grasshoppers. By the end of June they were able to fly a short way, and before the end of July they mounted high into the air and took long flights. At first they were of a blackish hue, and their heads were disproportionately large, but afterwards they became of a clear brown color, with wings of grey or rosy red. In some places they covered the ground completely, and were in a state of rest, but in others they were going slowly before the breeze, and resembled at a distance a sheet of gently flowing water. Around Novomigod, in travelling from Biala Cerkiew, near Kief, to Odessa, the road was deeply covered with them, and they rose as our carriages approached, with a peculiar rattling noise, and in such numbers that they filled the air like flakes of snow in a storm. They swarmed in the streets of Odessa, in the vineyards, and on the surrounding steppe, at the beginning of August, and masses of the dead bodies of those drowned in the sea, covered the shore. There were everywhere two distinct varieties of these insects, one about three inches, and the other of half that length. The first kind was observed to bear a much greater proportion to the other near the sea, than at a remote distance. There was a third variety, of a green color, but it was extremely rare, and in some places wholly wanting. In the neighborhood of Odessa, on the steppe, I observed vast numbers of a peculiar species of *Sphex*, or *Ichneumon* fly, employed in killing and burying the locusts. The fly insidiously sprung upon the locust, applying its long and powerful legs around the body, so that the victim could not expand its wings and escape. When exhausted with fruitless efforts to fly, the *sphex* applied the strong nippers with which its mouth is furnished around the neck of the locust and thrusting the dart with which it is also provided between the head and body in a few seconds deprived the locust of life. This dart I found to consist of two sharp spears, with a small tube between them, but whether connected or not with a poisonous sac was not ascertained. The fly remained for some time attached to the body of the locust after it was dead, probably for the purpose of depositing its ova within it. The

sphex afterwards dragged the locust into a small grave it had previously dug in the ground for its reception, and covered it carefully with earth. The ultimate extinction of the locusts here obviously would be effected by this means, if none other were provided by nature for the purpose. The locusts, I was informed some years after, had entirely disappeared from these extensive steppes.

On the 11th August, 1825, his excellency Count Woronzow and his suite embarked at Odessa on board Admiral Greig's yacht, and sailed for the Crimea. The Counts F. Pahlen, Olizar, Potoski, and the Baron de Brunow (now Russian minister in England) were among the number. The following evening we saw the land near Kosloff. At two o'clock on the morning of Sunday the 16th, we were off Sevastopole, in the midst of the Black Sea fleet, consisting of eight ships of the line and three large frigates. We went on board the admiral's ship, and after examining every part, heard divine service performed in the chapel, where all the sailors who could be spared were present. After this, a sham fight took place between the three frigates and the yacht. Admiral Greig then formed his own ship and seven other of the line into close order of battle, with all their sails expanded, and many tremendous broadsides were fired. We afterwards dined with the admiral, vice-admiral, and captains of the fleet. We parted from Admiral Greig at sunset, and made all sail for Yoursouff, on the south coast. The breeze was favorable, but towards morning it gradually died away, the vessel being about ten miles from the point called Criu Metopon, where the temple of Diana is supposed to have stood in the days of Iphigenia. During the 17th the weather was beautiful, there was not a breath of air, and the sea was like a placid lake. The following day, when opposite Jalta, the scene suddenly changed by the occurrence of a violent gale from the east, which drove the vessel back, and compelled us to take refuge in a bay near Balaclava. We passed the night at a village called Laspi, belonging to General Poitiers, all the inhabitants of which were suffering from fever, and in a wretched condition. On the 19th, taking Tartar horses, we rode through the valley of Baidar, and crossed the Ayla mountains by the passage of Foros, to the south coast, along which we passed eastward by Simeis, Aloupka, Musghor, Derekuy, Nikita, Masandra, and Orianda, to Yoursouff, the seat of Count Woronzow. There are probably no scenes in Europe which surpass in magnificence and beauty those around Aloupka, Masandra, and Orianda. "If there exists on the earth a spot which may be described as a terrestrial paradise," says Dr. Clarke, "it is that which intervenes between Kutchukoy and Sudac, on the south coast of the Crimea. Protected by encircling Alps from every cold and blighting wind, and only open to those breezes which are wafted across the sea from the south, the inhabitants enjoy every advantage of climate and situation. From the mountains continual streams of crystal water pour down upon the gardens, in which many species of fruit known in the rest of Europe, and many that are not, attain the highest perfection. Neither unwholesome exhalations, nor chilling winds, nor venomous insects, nor hostile neighbors, infest their blissful territory."

During the month of September, 1825, the whole population of the Crimea between the mountains and the sea, all the inhabitants of "this

terrestrial paradise," were in a very sickly condition, and in the villages along the coast between Yoursouff and Simeis, I saw and treated more than a hundred cases of intermittent and remittent fever. Many who had been suffering for months had enlargement of the liver and spleen, with jaundice and dropsy. The weather, during the whole time I remained on the south coast of the Crimea, was delightful, and none of those sudden and violent changes were observed which so frequently occur in all the countries situated along the northern shore of the Black Sea. There could be little doubt that the fever which then prevailed on the coast and in the interior of the Crimea, was produced by noxious exhalations from the earth.

After visiting all the most interesting places in the Crimea, I embarked on board Admiral Greig's yacht at Sevastopole on the 23d September, and returned to Odessa, with Count F. Pahlen, on the 1st of October. Count Woronzow at the same time set out for Taganrog, to meet the Emperor Alexander, who had arrived there with the empress a short time before, with the intention of spending the winter on the shores of the sea of Azoff. Before reaching Odessa, Count Pahlen was seized with severe shivering, headache, and the other characteristic symptoms of bilious remittent fever. The attack was far more violent and dangerous than in any of the cases which had before fallen under my observation, and he narrowly escaped with his life. Mr. Rose, an English gentleman, who had been in the Crimea with us, was also attacked after our return to Odessa, and died from effusion into the brain. The health of a considerable number of those who had been on the south coast of the Crimea at the same time, suffered severely for some months after, and in a few fever appeared in a severe form early the following spring. There was evidence to prove that almost all of us had suffered from malaria.

On the 14th of October, 1825, (O. S.) at Odessa, I received a letter from Count Woronzow at Taganrog, informing me of the emperor's determination to visit the Crimea, and requesting me to meet him at Bereslaw, on the Dnieper. I accordingly left Odessa in the afternoon of the same day, with General Bashmakoff, Messrs. Marini and Artemieff. We arrived at Nicolaef in the afternoon of the 15th, and remained a few hours with Admiral Greig, who had just returned from Taganrog. It was a clear, beautiful night, the road was excellent, and we reached Bereslaw the following morning, at seven o'clock, where we remained during the day. This is a large town on the west bank of the Dnieper, which does not differ in appearance from the other towns in the south of Russia. There were many shops or bazaars in it, full of every kind of merchandise. Great numbers of wagons laden with salt from the Crimea, were then passing through, and large bodies of troops marching to join the army on the Turkish frontiers. The country around was extremely fertile, but the locusts had committed great havoc the year before, the peasants and landed proprietors being in a state of the greatest distress. We left Bereslaw in the afternoon, for the isthmus of Perecop, and after passing over an extensive plain of sand like the Llandes, near the Pyrenees, we entered the Crimea, and spent the night at the German colony of Nahitchwan. Here all was order, cleanliness and comfort, the population rapidly increasing, and additional grants of land required. On quitting these intelligent,

happy people, the following morning, we were not long in coming among the Nogay Tartars, where all was ignorance, poverty and wretchedness. Light and darkness, civilization and barbarism, were here almost in contact. We remained two nights and a day at Sympheropole, where I had the satisfaction of giving professional aid to the daughter of Count Rostopschin, a name which will be preserved through all ages in the annals of Russia.

On the 20th we left Sympheropole early in the morning, and passing rapidly over the steppe extending between the town and the mountains, crossed these in a calèche, by the new road which had lately been made to connect the shore of the Crimea with the interior. Many of the soldiers employed in completing this arduous work appeared sickly and depressed. Upwards of a hundred out of five hundred had suffered from fever during the autumn, but in none had the disease assumed a dangerous form. No less than a thousand soldiers had been employed in this important work the year before, and comparatively few of them, it was reported, had suffered from the effects of fever. The face of the country had changed since our former visit to the Crimea. The woods along the Salgir, and on the Chatyrdagh, were stripped of their leaves, though on entering the valley of Alushta the trees were still green. From the isthmus of Perecop to Yoursouff where we arrived on the 20th, preparations were being made for the reception of the emperor; the roads were being repaired, and all the cottages and houses in the line were being cleaned and whitewashed. The principal Tartar of the village of Yoursouff had been suffering severely from intermittent fever for several weeks, but the fits were speedily arrested by the calomel and sulphate of quinine which I administered to him. This latter remedy, which had never before been employed in the fevers of the Crimea, often stopped their course so quickly, that some of the ignorant Tartars were disposed to attribute the striking effects to supernatural influence.

The following morning we set out for Aloupka. It was like a summer's day in England, the thermometer in the shade being 17° of Reaumur. The tops of the mountains were, however, covered with dense clouds. The road along the sea-shore to Orianda from Yoursouff never appeared to me so beautiful before, and I could not pass Nikita and Masandra, without halting to admire the glorious scenery. The woods had lost a part of their verdure, but there were still many of the trees as green as during the autumn. The wild vine, which climbs to the tops of the highest trees, and the leaves of which were then of a deep red color, formed a striking feature in the scene. The walnut and fig trees were still fresh and green. At Aloupka, in the evening, we walked around the gardens, the most romantic in the Crimea, where preparations were being made for planting forty lemon trees in the open air, which had been imported the previous year from Italy, and one of them, which had been exposed in the middle of the garden to the intense frost the preceding winter, was in a flourishing state. We returned to the Tartar house which was prepared for the emperor. Boards had been placed around the front of it, and whitewashed. The walls of the two chambers for his majesty's accommodation, had been surrounded with a coarse white linen cloth, and a very neat bed prepared. There were two chairs,

a table, and a couch, and newly glazed windows had been put in. In that climate one could not have desired a better habitation for a night, though it was a common Tartar cottage.

We returned to Yoursouff on the 23d, and on the following day one of the emperor's couriers arrived, and arranged all the apartments in the house for his majesty and attendants. On the 25th the emperor arrived at Sympheropole. He went to the service in the cathedral the following morning, and he arrived at Yoursouff about four o'clock in the afternoon, accompanied by General Diebitch, Sir James Wylie, and a few attendants. When he dismounted from his horse in front of the house at Yoursouff, Count Woronzow, his aides-de-camp, secretaries, and myself, were standing in a line to receive him.

Though apparently active, and in the prime and vigor of life, the emperor stooped a little in walking, and seemed rather inclined to corpulency. He was dressed in a blue military surtout, with epaulettes, and had nothing to distinguish him from any general officer. He shook Count Woronzow by the hand, and afterwards warmly saluted him, first on one cheek and then on the other. He afterwards shook hands with us all, and then inquired of me particularly about the health of the count's children at Baila Cerkiew, whom I had seen not long before. He then inquired if I had visited the south coast of the Crimea during the autumn, and if so, how I was pleased with it. Looking up to the mountains above Yoursouff, and then to the calm sea, upon which the sun was shining, his majesty exclaimed, "Was there ever such magnificent scenery!" I replied that the coast of Italy between Genoa and Nice presented the only scenery I had ever witnessed that could be compared to it—a part of Italy which his majesty stated he had never visited.

I set out from Yoursouff on the morning of the 26th of October, before the emperor, and rode along the coast to Aloupka. It was a sultry day, and the scenery was rendered still more interesting to me than on all former occasions, in consequence of the Tartars having come from all parts of the Crimea to see the emperor, on his way from Yoursouff to Aloupka, where he arrived about four o'clock. I was informed that a Tartar female complained to his majesty, at Orianda, of her having been beaten and ill treated by the superintendent; when the offender was ordered to appear before his majesty, he threw himself upon his knees and implored forgiveness. Alexander ordered him to be arrested, and said, with great severity, that it was an eternal disgrace to injure any female, more especially one in her situation, she being pregnant. The emperor was greatly pleased with Orianda, and immediately determined to purchase the estate from Count Kisseloff, and build a palace there. Before coming to Aloupka he visited the vineyards at Martyan, and the Princess Galitzin and Musghor, distributing liberally to the poor in his way.

Count Woronzow, General Diebitch, Sir James Wylie and myself, with one or two others, had the honor of dining with the emperor on this occasion, the last he was destined to enjoy. The emperor addressed himself chiefly to Count Woronzow, who was seated next to his majesty, and the greater part of the conversation was carried on in French and English. Again his majesty recurred to the beauties of Orianda, and thanked the count for the acquisition he had that day made for him.

He expressed the strong displeasure he felt at the cruel treatment the poor Tartar woman had received from the superintendent, and ordered that he should be severely punished. The death of Mr. Fondane, the governor of Kertche, from consumption, had occurred not long before, and when this was mentioned the emperor said, he thought it would be possible to combine the offices of the governors of Kertche and Theodosia, as the government of Taganrog was much more extensive than the two combined. Count Woronzow observed, that there would be a difficulty in effecting this, because a great jealousy existed between the inhabitants of the two towns, which would be increased by the change. The emperor, on the contrary, thought it might be the means of reconciling them to each other. The count said that the people of Theodosia would never be reconciled to it: that they would consider themselves placed in a situation inferior to that of Kertche, and that, in his opinion, it was not advisable. The emperor still urged the practicability of the measure, which he said he had fully considered, and the count acquiesced in his majesty's decision, by admitting that no great harm could result from the experiment. The emperor then made many inquiries respecting the wealth and respectability of the merchants of Theodosia, to which such answers were given as appeared entirely satisfactory.

There were oysters at dinner, and a small worm was adhering to the shell of one presented to his majesty. This was shown to Sir James Wylie, who said it was quite common and harmless, and he reminded the emperor of a circumstance which had occurred to them at the congress of Verona. A person at Venice had then sent to the emperor to entreat that he would abstain from the use of oysters, as there was a poisonous marine worm or insect in them. This led the conversation to the insects of the Crimea and the Ukraine, of which I had made a considerable collection, and the emperor inquired of me if there were scorpions, scolopendras and tarantulas in the Crimea. I said scorpions of large size were not uncommon, and that at Musghor, during our former visit, we found a scorpion of great strength in the apartment where we passed the night, but that it was harmless. Scolopendras of great length I had often seen around Odessa, but not in the Crimea, nor tarantulas, although, as I had been informed, they were not very rare. I heard of no instance during the autumn in which they had inflicted any injury by their bites or stings. He said, he supposed they were the same as in Italy, and then alluded to the dance for the cure of the bite of the tarantula; Sir James Wylie reminded his majesty of the scorpion which was found in his bed at Verona, and of the prescription which he had then written for the cure of the bites of the carbonari.

Then followed a long discussion on homeopathy, and the peculiar views of Hahnemann, which were at that time greatly in vogue, not only in Germany but in Russia. Sir James seemed rather more favorable to these views than I considered justified by the evidence upon which they were founded. He said he believed Hahnemann, with his extremely minute doses of medicines, cured as many patients as regular physicians did by their great ones, because he at the same time enjoined a rigorous diet. Count Woronzow inquired if Sir James would trust to Hahnemann's method of treatment in cases of inflammation of the brain or bowels, or in the fevers of the Crimea. Would

the hundredth or the thousandth part of a grain of sulphate of quinine, he asked, stop the fits of one of these fevers? He appealed to me to support the truth of what he said, and I had no hesitation in affirming that large doses of quinine often almost instantaneously arrested these fevers, when small doses proved ineffectual.

Again, the emperor expressed how much he was pleased with Orianda, and stated that it was his determination to have a palace built there as expeditiously as possible. To my amazement he then said, after a pause, "When I give in my denisation, I will return and fix myself at Orianda, and wear the costume of the Taurida." Not a word was uttered by any one when this extraordinary resolution was announced, and I thought that I must have misunderstood the emperor, but this could not be, for in a short time, when Count Woronzow proposed that the large open flat space of ground to the westward of Orianda should be converted into pleasure grounds for his majesty, he replied, "I wish this to be purchased for General Diebitch, as it is right that the chief of my *état-major* and I should be neighbors." During dinner there was also some conversation respecting the chapel which was about to be built at Masandra, and the emperor inquired whether or not it was to be a Greek chapel. A petition had been presented for a Lutheran place of worship to be established at Nitika, and likewise that at Sympheropole the old Greek church should be converted into a Lutheran chapel, after the cathedral was finished. The emperor said he was ignorant of the law upon this point, but that the bishop would inform him whether it was contrary to law to permit a Greek church, when not required for the national religion, to be converted into a Lutheran chapel. If it was not, it ought to be granted, he said; and I had no doubt that the emperor's visit to the monastery of St. George on the following day had some reference to this subject. General Diebitch inquired if there were many Lutherans in the Crimea, and particularly at Sympheropole, to which Count Woronzow replied, that if they had been numerous they would ere this have had a chapel of their own. A petition had also been presented by some Roman Catholics at Karasubazar for a piece of ground to build a Catholic chapel. The emperor expressed his anxiety that all these petitions should receive due attention and be granted to the fullest possible extent. It appeared, from what was stated on this occasion, that the administration of the empire was conducted by Alexander on the true principles of religious toleration.

His majesty made a frugal repast, and drank little wine. When champagne was presented, Count Woronzow said, "Sire, may we be permitted to drink to the health of her majesty the empress?" He replied, Most certainly; and all immediately rising, did honor to the toast. On retiring his majesty returned thanks to Count Woronzow for the excellent entertainment he had provided, and, addressing himself to us all, said, with kindness and condescension, "Your presence on this occasion has afforded me the greatest satisfaction." He then walked out, and mounted the steps to the flat roof of the house, around which a number of Tartars were collected. He looked at the groups through his eye-glass, and said, "What handsome Oriental countenances! what a fine race of men! One of the most striking peculiarities of the Crimea would be lost if the Tartars were expelled; I hope they will be encouraged to

continue here." An *effendi* was introduced to his majesty to present a petition, which he did by bending down and raising his hands to his head, without removing his turban from it.

The emperor retired to rest early in the evening. In the middle of the night a courier arrived, when he arose and transacted business. General Diebitch, who slept in a house close to that in which I was, was twice summoned in the night to wait upon his majesty. I was afterwards informed that the despatches brought by the courier were of the highest public importance; in fact, that they fully revealed to his majesty the existence of a dangerous and extensive conspiracy, of which he had not been previously aware.

On the morning of the 27th, after breakfast, the emperor sent a message to say that he desired me to accompany him round the lower garden. After some conversation respecting the illness of the empress, and the proposal that I should visit her majesty professionally at Taganrog, he again called my attention to the magnificence of the scenery around us, and expressed the pleasure he had derived from this visit to the Crimea, and the hope he entertained that at no very remote period its shores would be full of rich vineyards, and contain many flourishing villages and towns. I hinted, in the most delicate manner I could, that the frequent occurrence of violent fevers to those who visited the Crimea, and to its constant inhabitants, was the only circumstance which appeared to me likely to prevent his majesty's anticipations being completely realized. He expressed a strong wish that I should remain in Russia, permanently attached to Count Woronzow, the value of whose public services he appeared justly to appreciate.

At mid-day the emperor and his attendants were on horseback, and, after shaking hands with and taking an affectionate leave of all, he set out for Sevastopole. In a few days, I returned with Count Woronzow to Odessa by Perecop, Bereslaw, and Nicolaef, where we remained till the 22d of November, 1825.

At eight o'clock, on Sunday morning, the 22d of November, Count Woronzow expressed a wish to see me in his library. On going there, the count stated that he had received bad news from Taganrog—that the emperor was dangerously ill, and that I must set out with him, in two hours, to render my assistance with the other physicians. It appeared from a letter of the 7th instant that the emperor had been attacked with symptoms of slight catarrh soon after leaving the Crimea, and that at Oriskoff these had assumed the decided form of remittent fever—that it had increased in severity, and that his majesty refused to take any medicine. Another letter, of the 14th, stated that he was much worse—indeed, in great danger—and that still he refused to submit to any medical treatment. A third letter, dated Thursday, the 19th, had also been received, from which it appeared that the malady had been daily growing worse, and that almost all hope of his recovery was past. The count was much afflicted when he communicated this intelligence, and expressed his fear that we should find all over before we reached Taganrog. We started from Odessa at mid-day, and when our carriage was going slowly over the deep sands by the sea-shore, the count said that unpleasant occurrences seldom came alone—that a letter had arrived that morning from London, informing him of an accident that had endangered

the life of his father; also, that William Findley, who had been his father's coachman for upwards of thirty years, had been thrown from his box, and killed on the spot. "I knew William Findley well," he added, bursting into tears, "and feel how much my father must have suffered on the occasion." We continued our journey to Nicolaef, where we arrived at midnight. The count retired to rest for two hours; but I did not, being anxious to learn from Admiral Greig what consequences would be likely to result, in the event of the emperor's death, and the accession of his brother Constantine to the throne. We were, of course, unacquainted with the fact, that in 1822, the Grand Duke Constantine had voluntarily waived his title to the succession, and that the next in the line after him should take his place. Admiral Greig requested me to write to him immediately after my arrival at Taganrog, which I did, and communicated all the information I could obtain respecting his imperial majesty's illness and death.

We reached Cherson at seven o'clock in the morning. There had been a hard frost during the night. The town was evidently in a state of decay, and many of the houses were roofless. During the previous winter, the forage in the Crimea and country extending along the northern coast of the Black Sea, was exhausted before the spring, and the crops having been destroyed by the locusts and a drought the people had actually been compelled, in some places, to employ the straw thatching of their cottages to feed their cattle. I had previously been informed that the commerce of the place was ruined; that the rise of Odessa had, in fact, been the fall of Cherson. The Dnieper is here as broad as the Danube above Vienna, or the Rhone near the Mediterranean. At a short distance from the gate of the town, we saw an obelisk, which had been erected to the memory of John Howard, who died of fever, near Cherson, on the 20th of January, 1790, and was buried in the open steppe, at a short distance from the town. It was his request that a sun-dial should be erected over his grave; and Admiral Greig informed me that this wish had recently been complied with, and through the admiral's exertions chiefly, as I learned from others.

We arrived at Bereslaw at two o'clock in the afternoon of the 23d, and crossed the Dnieper on a raft, the floating bridge having been removed. In the morning of the 24th, we reached Oriekoff, which is on the high road between Taganrog and Warsaw, where the Grand Duke Constantine then was. The postmaster of this place stated that no account had been received of the emperor's death; but he must have wished to conceal the fact, as at the next post station, we were at once informed that the news of his decease had been received two days before.

On Wednesday, the 25th, at seven in the morning, we arrived at Marienpole, a small town on the Sea of Azoff, inhabited by Greeks, who had emigrated from the Crimea forty years before. We remained an hour at the residence of a military officer of rank, who gave me a general account of the emperor's illness. He informed me that bilious fevers were very common in autumn along the whole northern coast of the Sea of Azoff. From Marienpole to Taganrog the country presented a most dreary aspect, and the post-houses and horses were truly wretched. We crossed a small river, and, entering Taganrog at eight

o'clock in the evening, were immediately conducted by the governor of the town to the house of one of the most respectable merchants. We learned, on arriving, that his majesty died on the 19th of November, and that he had been insensible, and deprived of the power of swallowing two days before his decease.

On Thursday, the 26th of November, I went to see his imperial majesty lying in state in the house where he had lived and died. The coffin was placed upon a slightly-elevated platform, and covered by a canopy. The room was hung with black, and the coffin covered with a cloth of gold. There were numerous large wax lights burning in the apartment, and each individual present held a slender lighted wax taper. A priest was standing at the head of the coffin reading the Evangelists, and I was told that this was carried on day and night. On each side of the body a sentinel was placed with a drawn sword. In the ante-room there was a number of priests putting on their robes, and preparing for the service or mass, which was celebrated twice every day. There were no symptoms of melancholy in this crowded room, and some young military officers even displayed a degree of levity altogether unsuitable to the solemnity of the scene. The empress, I was informed, remained constantly in an apartment, the door of which opened into that where the body of the emperor was lying, and where the service was performed. Guards were stationed around the house, at the door, as also on the stairs, and in the ante-room.

On the evening of Friday, the 27th of November, I proceeded, at the request of Count Woronzow, to the residence of Sir James Wylie, for many years physician to the person of his imperial majesty, for the purpose of obtaining an account of the emperor's illness, and the treatment which would have been pursued, had not his majesty strenuously refused all medical assistance. Sir James read to me the whole of the reports of his majesty's case, written down by him from day to day, and which contained the fullest and most satisfactory explanation of all the attendant circumstances. These reports were also signed by the other physicians, who coincided in the views entertained by Sir James respecting the nature and proposed treatment of the disease. As these reports were about to be forwarded to St. Petersburg for the satisfaction of the government, I could not procure a perfect copy, but the following are the most important facts they contained, and were noted down by me in short-hand as I heard them. Dr. Reinhold, surgeon to the empress, who had remained with the emperor during the night of the 12th of November, came in when Sir James Wylie was thus occupied, and declared to me in the most unequivocal manner, that he was entirely of the same opinion with the other physicians respecting the nature of the disease, and of the means that would have been employed.

The weather suddenly changed on the day the emperor left Aloupka, the 27th of October. A thick mass of clouds covered the mountains in the afternoon, the east wind was cold, and a shower of rain fell. The previous day had been intensely hot on the coast, and at the time the emperor was riding from Yoursouff to Aloupka. His majesty was accustomed to travel in an open calèche with a light military cloak, trusting solely to the vigor of his constitution against the sudden changes of the atmosphere. After quitting Aloupka, he went

to that part of the road where the ascent of the Merdveen commences, and hesitated for some time whether to proceed by this difficult pass, over the mountains, which are between three and four thousand feet high, into the valley of Baidar, or by that of Foros. After a little delay he decided for the former, and arrived at Baidar fatigued, perspiring, and unusually irritable on account of the unruliness of his horse. At Baidar, a calèche awaited him, but no refreshment was prepared—his maître d'hôtel having gone on to Sevastopole. From Baidar, he proceeded to Balacava, and reviewed Colonel Ravilotti's regiment of Greek guards. The emperor again entered his calèche, and drove to that part where the road turns off to the monastery of St. George. Here he mounted a horse and rode to the monastery alone, a distance of at least ten versts. Sir James had gone forward before him to Sevastopole, and the emperor did not arrive there until it was quite dark, having remained upwards of two hours at the monastery, where was a bishop and several priests. He entered Sevastopole by torchlight, and before going to the house prepared, went to the church, and afterwards reviewed some troops drawn up in a line along the street through which he passed. His majesty dined alone, and it was said scarcely tasted anything. The following day, at twelve o'clock, he examined the barracks, hospital, and forts at Sevastopole, and then set out for Bacheseraï. On the journey he was observed to be asleep in the carriage. At Bacheseraï, the emperor also dined alone, and the following morning he informed Sir James Wylie, that he had suffered from an attack of bilious diarrhoea in the night, but that he was then perfectly well. Thus, he said, will all my complaints pass away without the help of medicine. Sir James did not state to me the circumstances which led the emperor to believe that medical treatment was of no avail in arresting the progress of disease, and to determine him not to have recourse to its aid. There could be no doubt that the emperor had some peculiar views about the doctrine of predestination, but whether his skepticism respecting the efficacy of medicine originated in these opinions, I could not ascertain.

His majesty that day went to Chufut Kali, and returned in the afternoon to Bacheseraï to meet the Tartar chiefs. Next day he went to Kosloff, and on arriving there Sir James observed that they had passed some marshes which emitted a most disagreeable odor. The following night he slept near Perecop, and on the next between the isthmus and Oriekoff. At this place he was observed by his valet-de-chambre to be ill, but his majesty did not inform Sir James of the circumstance, and the latter saw nothing unusual in the appearance of the emperor the next morning during their visit to an hospital close by this village. But the valet afterwards stated that his majesty had been very ill in the night, and inquired if Sir James did not observe how pale he was. In the carriage with General Diebitch on the road to Marienpole, the emperor was attacked with violent shiverings, and, on arriving there, had a strong and distinct paroxysm of fever. A warm bed was prepared for him, and he took some hot punch. As the place they were in was of a wretched description, Sir James recommended him to push forward to Taganrog on the following day, and there to take the proper remedies. They reached Taganrog on the 5th of November, O. S. On the two following

days, the emperor suffered severely from derangement of the liver and digestive organs, and experienced severe paroxysms of fever. It was evident that he was severely attacked with the bilious remittent fever of the Crimea; but at this time there was no headache or any other symptom of the brain being affected. Four grains of calomel were given, and some purgative medicine, with great but temporary relief of the febrile symptoms, yet his majesty would not consent to a repetition of these remedies, or to the adoption of any other means. On the 8th, the fever continued with undiminished violence, and as the emperor positively refused to avail himself of the aid of medicine, Sir James requested that Dr. Stofregen, physician to the empress, should be called into consultation. His head had now become burning hot, and a marked change was perceptible in his majesty's countenance. When Dr. Stofregen was introduced, he said, "I am distressed to see your majesty suffering in this manner." "Say nothing of my indisposition," replied the emperor, "but tell me how the empress is." After being satisfied on this point, his majesty told Dr. Stofregen that Sir James Wylie considered him in a dangerous state, but he added, "I feel that I am not seriously ill, and that I shall recover without the employment of medical aid." It was the opinion of the physicians, that the emperor should have been bled at this time, and that calomel and cathartics should have been freely administered; and this opinion they gave to the emperor in a decided manner, but he would not consent to the employment of any remedies. The paroxysms of fever recurred, but there were occasional remissions when the pulse came down to the natural state; once to 71 and repeatedly to 90, but it was at all times during the progress of the disease extremely small and feeble.

On the 13th of the month, and tenth day of the disease, it was again proposed to take blood from the emperor, but he would not submit. On the morning of the 14th, Sir James and the other medical attendants, again urged him to the same purport, but he refused, even to the application of leeches to the head. He rejected this proposal with the greatest impatience and obstinacy. The empress on her knees implored him to consent, but he would not. "At first," he said, "I had only an intermittent fever, and now it has been converted into a continued fever, and I will trust rather to my constitution than to the means recommended." As it was now obvious that his life was in imminent danger, and that he was becoming worse and worse, Sir James proposed, late in the evening, that a priest should be brought to him. Sir James was again desired by the empress, to endeavor to convince his majesty that his life was in the greatest danger, and that as he would not submit to medical treatment, he should think seriously, so long as he retained consciousness, of employing spiritual aid. On the morning of the 15th, at five o'clock, he was confessed by the priest; and he requested that in this religious act he should be confessed as a simple individual. When this was finished, the priest strongly urged his majesty to employ medical aid, saying that, unless he did so, he would not fulfil the whole of his Christian duty. Between nine and ten o'clock he consented, for the first time, to the application of leeches to the temples. The brain had now become affected, and he was occasionally delirious, and uttered incoherent expressions. For thirty

hours before his death the empress hardly quitted his bed-side. The scene was most affecting when the emperor, on the 19th, expired. The empress had been kneeling by his bed-side, with her eyes fixed upon him, as he gradually became weaker and weaker, until all signs of life were gone. Then, rising, she closed his eyes, and with a handkerchief bound up his head, to support the lower jaw. After this, she folded his arms over his breast, kissed his hand, and then knelt down by the side of the dead body for half an hour in prayer to God. Throughout the whole of his majesty's illness, she manifested the strongest attachment to her husband, and at his death was inconsolable.

On the *post mortem* examination of the body being made, the appearances observed were such as are most frequently met with in those dying from bilious remittent fever, with internal congestion. Two ounces of serous fluid were found in the ventricles of the brain, and all the veins and arteries were gorged with blood. There was an old adhesion between the *dura* and *pia mater* at the back part, but of no great extent. The heart and lungs were sound, but too vascular. The liver was turgid with blood, and of a much darker color than natural. The spleen was enlarged, and softened in texture.

The prevalence of fever in the Crimea during the autumn, the sudden change of the weather when the emperor left the coast, the usual symptoms appearing in the course of a few days after quitting Perecop, as I had before observed in others, with the subsequent history of the disease and the appearances after death, rendered it certain that the Emperor Alexander was cut off by the bilious remittent fever of the Crimea. During the six weeks I remained at Taganrog after the emperor's death, I never heard that any one entertained a doubt, or expressed a suspicion that his majesty's death was attributable to any other than a natural cause. The physicians who had the care of his majesty were accused by some, without the slightest ground, of mismanaging the case; and I heard the question repeatedly put, "Why they did not compel his majesty to submit to their plan of treatment?" or, in other words, as Sir James Wylie expressed it, why they did not commit the crime of *lèse-Majesté*?—a proceeding which no circumstances could ever justify. I enjoyed the best opportunities in the Crimea of observing the devoted attachment of Sir James Wylie to the Emperor Alexander, whom he had accompanied in all his campaigns; and I conscientiously believe, that on this trying occasion Sir James Wylie discharged his arduous professional duty in a manner worthy of his high reputation.

GURNEYISM.

THIS term—of whose meaning perhaps nineteen twentieths of our readers are utterly ignorant—is applied to a new and particular kind of manuring, which has been employed with signal success by Mr. Gurney, a farmer in East Cornwall. The operation consists in covering grass land with long straw, coarse hay, or other fibrous matter, about twenty pounds to the fall; allowing this covering to lie till the grass spring through it (which it does with astonishing rapidity) to the desired length, and then raking it off to allow the bestial to reach the pasture. The covering is then applied to another portion of the field; the opera-

tion of removal and covering being repeated so long as the straw or hay remains sufficiently entire to admit of convenient application. The merits of the system, which is yet in its infancy, were thus stated by Mr. Gurney at a late meeting of the East Cornwall Experimental Club:—"About seven weeks since, he had covered half a field of grass of three acres in this manner, and about a fortnight ago, when examined, the increase had been found to be at the rate of upwards of 5000 lbs. per acre over the uncovered portion of the field. At that time the straw was raked off and laid in rows twelve feet apart on the field, and 115 sheep were put on the grass, with a view to eat it down as quickly as possible. After they had been there about a week, they were succeeded by 26 bullocks, to eat off the long grass remaining, and which the sheep had left. The field was thus grazed as bare as possible. The same straw was now again thrown over the same portion of the field from which it had been raked; and on inspection that morning, he had found the action going on as powerfully as on the former occasion. He thought the sheep, on first raking off the straw, were not so fond of the grass as they were of that uncovered; but after twenty-four hours' exposure to the sun and air, he thought they rather preferred it. He had forty acres now under the operation, and in consequence of it, he had had grass when his neighbors had none." Fibrous covering, or Gurneyism, as thus described, is certainly a cheap and convenient mode of manuring; all that is wanted is only further experiment to test its general applicability.—*Chambers' Journal*.

AN AVIARY ON A GREAT SCALE.—It is a pleasing thing to witness, says a correspondent of the Zoologist for March, the confidence and familiarity of the nightingale when protected; as, for instance, in the promenade at Gradenfeld, in Prussia, a beautiful planted piece of ground, extending nearly a quarter of a mile along both banks of a small stream. In addition to the penalties denounced by the Prussian law against those who rob the nests of the nightingale, a watchman is stationed here during the breeding season for additional security. This may perhaps appear singular in our matter-of-fact age; but I am confident that no lover of nature who had resided in Gradenfeld, and enjoyed the delicious concerts which these birds maintain both day and night, except from about two to five o'clock, p. m., would refuse his aid to such a custom. Many a bird-fancier is at much greater expense, not to speak of trouble, in keeping a ghost of a nightingale caged, and why should we wonder at the inhabitants of Gradenfeld, with their open-air habits, taking care that their favorite resort shall never become songless! Seated on a broad-leaved jessamine, the shrub which generally conceals the nest, the male bird will sing although you pass within four feet of him, eyeing you as if perfectly aware that he is a privileged character. Besides the nightingales, a great variety of other birds find shelter in this privileged place, and being never molested, afford the naturalist excellent opportunities of observing their habits. Amongst others, the hoopoes generally build here; the golden oriole suspends its curious nest from the highest branches of the aspen, and breathes out its cheerful flute-notes at evening; the Bohemian wax-wing is a regular and plentiful winter visitant; whilst a variety of finches and warblers of less note complete this real "happy family."

From Chambers' Journal.

MILTON'S BLINDNESS.

WE do not think that any but a blind man could have written the *Paradise Lost*. We mean a blind man who had once enjoyed sight. Let us try to substantiate this remark, and to show what influence Milton's blindness exerted over his poetry. That it must have exerted some influence—that Milton's poetry must in some respect be different from what it would have been had he not been blind—cannot be doubted. The slightest peculiarity about an author tinges his writings; and it is only because it rarely happens that the entire character of a person's writings is decided by any one peculiarity, that we are not more accustomed to regard this influence. But blindness is no ordinary peculiarity. Even if a person who has been in the habit of writing goes to Arabia, and comes back again, all that he writes afterwards will, to a certainty, be affected by that visit to Arabia. How much more will not a change come over the spirit of a man's writings who, after walking for forty-seven years in the light and blaze of day, passes at once and forever into an atmosphere of darkness! That Milton's blindness should not have affected his poetry, that there should not be a marked difference between the poems he wrote before he became blind and those he wrote after, is impossible. The only question is, whether this effect, this difference, can be ascertained. We think it can. It is no mere illusive, impalpable peculiarity, of which we are sensible, without possessing the power to lay hold of or describe it; it is easily detected. Nay, we are inclined to put the case so strongly, as to say that Milton's blindness was a *requisite* to his writing *Paradise Lost*.

When we affirm that Milton's blindness exerted an influence over his poetry, we do not mean merely that it enabled him to withdraw his mind from external objects, and left him at liberty to pursue his daring theme. That was a decided influence, no doubt, but it is not the one on which we lay stress. Neither do we refer to the well-known passages in which Milton deplors his loss of sight. The insertion of a few such passages, if that were all, would not amount to much. Nor, lastly, do we refer to the influence which Milton's blindness must have exerted over his verse, in respect of its having obliged him to compose at length mentally, and then dictate, although this is by no means an insignificant consideration. We propose to show that Milton's blindness affected his poetry in a way more specific and remarkable than any of these; that Milton's whole manner of conceiving and describing external objects is that of a blind man; and that this manner of conceiving and describing things was so peculiarly suitable for his great poem, that it might be made a question whether Milton's blindness did not actuate his choice of a subject.

The conception which will be most familiar to a blind man, will be that of infinitely extended blackness. The world outside will be to him like what it would be to a man with the use of his eyes standing alone on a mountain-top in a very dark night, and looking upward. Now, a blind man who has once enjoyed sight will carry with him into his own black atmosphere a memory full of images of what he has seen; and when he tries to describe things by their appearance, it will be by an effort of recollection. He will

amuse himself by painting, on the dark canvass stretched before him, those objects which he has most pleasure in recollecting—the white gable of his own cottage, the faces of his wife and children. The power of love will keep the recollection of such objects as these bright and vivid, while all other images are growing dimmer and dimmer. But there is a certain class of images, the recollection of which in a state of blindness would always continue to be easy and pleasurable. It would be difficult for a person who had been blind for some time to recall the appearance of such a flower as the violet; whereas he would retain to the last a remarkably vivid conception of white or luminous objects—a lamp, the mouth of a furnace, a streak of light, the sun, the moon, a ball of glowing iron, the ground covered with snow, the winter sky studded with stars. In fact, a man who had grown blind would excel a person still retaining the use of sight in all that kind of description which consists in the contrast of white and black, of light and darkness. Now, this power of dealing with light and darkness, as it were in masses, is exactly that which would be a qualification for writing such a poem as the *Paradise Lost*. Three fourths of the description in that poem are precisely of the kind in which a blind man would be preëminently apt and powerful. The beings whose actions form the subject of the poem are angels, described as moving to and fro in the universe, surveying creation from some remote point beyond its limits, or desecring a silver star in the distance far away, and winging their flight towards it. This sort of description must be easier to a man to whom space and blackness are the same thing, than it could possibly be to a man to whom space is colorless, or, at the most, a sort of faint blue transparency. The most important descriptions in the *Paradise Lost* consist, at bottom, of contrasts of blackness with light, light in the form of masses, or particles, or streaks, or discs.

To proceed to instances. It would be quite possible to prefix to the *Paradise Lost* a plate or diagram of the universe as Milton conceived it mapped out. At first, according to the poet, the whole infinity of space was divided into two huge regions or hemispheres, an upper and a lower, the one all light, the other all darkness. The upper or illuminated half was heaven, the abode of the angels, then the only creatures existing. The under half was chaos or night, a thick, black, turbulent element, as of universes in a state of pulp. No beings resided in it. But after the fall of the angels, space was laid out anew, and instead of only two regions, there came to be four. The bottom of chaos was converted into hell; and at the top, where chaos pressed against heaven, a huge cavity was scooped out of the blackness, into which the light rushed down. This cavity was man's universe. The principle of gravitation being imparted to it, all the matter within the swoop of this right-royal principle left the pulpy form in which it had hitherto existed, and coagulated into balls or planets. Then the Divine impulse came, and the balls spun round each other, the planets round their suns, and the moons round their planets. So that, bounded above by heaven, and beneath by the chaos out of which it had been cut, there existed now a new azure universe powdered with stars and streaked with galaxies. It was destined to be the residence of a new race of creatures. Hell, the resi-

dence of the fallen portion of the old race, was separated from it by chaos.

This is the fundamental conception of the *Paradise Lost*. The infinity of space thus divided, first into two, and afterwards into four regions, is the scene in which the action of the poem is laid. Now, such a gigantic conception could not have occurred to any except a blind man; or if it had occurred to any one else, he could not have sustained it consistently throughout the poem. But how consistently has Milton sustained it! Thus, when he describes the rout of the rebel angels driven before the Messiah's thunder, the crystal wall of heaven

"Rolled inward, and a spacious gap disclosed
Into the wasteful deep; the monstrous sight
Struck them with terror backward; but far worse
Urged them behind, headlong themselves they
threw

Down from the verge of heaven; eternal wrath
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit."

It was Milton's blindness that gave him this grand figure. Reading the passage, one sees chaos, as it were, an infinite mass of solid blackness, and the descent of the angels through it like a red hissing fiery funnel. So in many other passages; that, for instance, describing the creation of man's universe; or the following one, describing Satan's glance into chaos, when, standing at the mouth of hell, he prepares to launch into it in quest of the new universe—

"Before their eyes in sudden view appear
The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and
height,
And time, and place, are lost, where endless
night
And chaos, ancestors of nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand."

If this passage had not the tone of a narrative, it might pass for a Lamentation on Blindness. Making his way through chaos, Satan at last emerges into the light of the new universe. Directing his flight first to the sun—

"There lands the fiend; a spot like which, perhaps,
Astronomer in the sun's lucent orb,
Through his glazed optic tube, yet never saw."

This splendid image of Satan alighting on the sun being like a spot dimming its disc, we can hardly conceive presenting itself to the mind of any but a blind man; but how readily to his!

The following is the poet's description of the creation of light—

"'Let there be light,' God said; and forthwith
light
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure
Sprung from the deep; and from her native
east,
To journey through the æry gloom begun,
Sphered in a radiant cloud."

In this passage the influence of the poet's blindness appears in two ways. In the first place, as in the former passages, the conception is that of a blind man. All at first is profound darkness, a black atmosphere; but forthwith there arises a

vapor-like something in the east, which slowly creeps westward through the gloom, like a mist from the sea. This is light. In the second place, there is a sort of sentimental lingering in the description, unlike what would be natural in the case of a poet not afflicted with that calamity, which made light so dear to Milton, and all the circumstances of its appearance so delightful to his memory.

Besides the passages we have selected, fifty or sixty others might be given. The only sort of description which five sixths of the poem required, or would tolerate, is precisely that in which the power Milton's blindness gave him of contrasting light and darkness on the great scale, and of conceiving luminous objects, enabled him to excel. No, doubt, if a man having the use of his eyesight had dared to attempt the subject of the *Paradise Lost*, he would, as a matter of necessity, have been obliged to deal with blackness and fire, chaoses and galaxies, just as Milton has done. No doubt, also, there are poets, not blind, whose imagination is at home in the vast and gigantic, who figure to themselves the earth as a brown little ball wheeling through space, and whistling as it wheels. Thus Shakspeare speaks of "striking flat the thick rotundity o' the world." Still, none except a blind man could have been so consistent throughout in that sort of description as Milton. But not only does he, more than any other poet, contrast fire and blackness on the great scale; he employs the same contrast as a means of representing what it would never have occurred to any but a blind man to represent in that way. Thus, when Satan, seized in *Paradise* by Ithuriel and Zephon, is brought before Gabriel and his band of angels, he dares them to battle—

"While thus he spake, th' angelic squadron
bright
Turned fiery red, sharpened in mooned horns
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round."

Who but a blind man could have fancied the appearance of the band of angels hemming Satan in like that of a crescent moon? But luminousness with Milton served as a means of describing everything. Satan, starting up when touched by Ithuriel's spear, as he was sitting in the shape of a toad at Eve's ear, is compared to the explosion of a powder magazine. Brilliancy is Milton's synonyme for beauty. The eyes of the serpent are glowing carbuncles, his neck is verdant burnished gold. The locks of the unfallen angels are inwreathed with beams of light; and their golden harps hang by their sides glittering like quivers.

But deduct those five sixths of the *Paradise Lost* in which the descriptions are all grand and gigantic—of spirits warring in heaven, toiling through chaos, or winging from star to star—there remains still one sixth of the poem in which, leaving the regions of space, the poet condescends on our dear particular planet, and outpours his imagination in rich and luscious descriptions of earth's own scenes and landscapes, the fragrant woods, the blooming gardens, the daisied banks, and green overarching bowers of Eden's *Paradise*. How are these passages of rich vegetable description to be accounted for? Suns and moons and chaoses were easy: but whence got he the trees, and shrubs, and flowers?—that blind old man!

If we examine Milton's earlier poems—those

which he wrote before he became blind—we shall find their characteristic to be luscious and flowery description. In this respect we know no one so like him as the poet Keats. Take, for instance, the following exquisite passage from *Lycidas*—

“Return, Sicilian muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks—
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers;
Bring the rath primrose, that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan, that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureat hearse where *Lycid* lies.”

There is not a passage like this in all the *Paradise Lost*. If the poet, after being blind for some time, had attempted to rival it, he could have accomplished the feat only by the help of a book on botany. Here is the passage describing Eve's nuptial bower in *Paradise*, and we may be sure that on this occasion Milton would lavish his richest beauties—

“The roof
Of thickest covert was, inwoven shade,
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side,
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub
Fenced up the verdant wall: each beauteous
flower,
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,
Reared high their flourished heads between, and
wrought
Mosaic; under foot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay,
Brodered the ground, more colored than with
stone
Of costliest emblem.”

Beautiful still; brave recollections of his old loves, the flowers. But, alas, alas! the recollections are growing fainter and fewer in the mind of the blind old man. Yet as the images of his youth are growing dimmer and dimmer, he is fast nearing that life where he shall renew them all again, and where, amid the spheres of which he sung, and thrilling to a higher music than that which his soul loved so dearly on earth, his eyes shall no more shut out the light nor the colors of the little flowers.

Milton's earlier poems, we have said, remind us of Keats. No poet is so “lush” in description, to use his own word, as poor Keats. He knew the secrets of the flowers, as if he had been the very bee that buzzed among them, and sipped their sweets. Now, had Keats suddenly grown blind, would he not have forgotten the flowers, and would not his fine soul, then pent up and unwindowed, have employed itself building castles of sunbeams in the darkness within?

From the *Christian Observer*.

TABLE-TALK OF EMINENT MEN:—SELDEN.

MUCH of information and entertainment is to be found in the *Table-Talk* (as it is called)—the familiar conversation—of eminent men, treasured up by those who have held intercourse with them, and posthumously published their choice sayings. The lively discourse of a powerful mind, quickened by colloquial intercourse, is often more striking than lucubrations laboriously committed to paper. Brilliant sparkles coruscate; and gold-dust and diamonds are scattered with lavish prodigality; so that a by-stander is sometimes fain to prefer the racy effervescence of the rapid mental fermentation, to the heavy evaporated potion. Nor are the thoughts necessarily less solid for being spontaneously thrown off; for they may have been growing for years, till occasion occurred for using them, and the ardor of conversation gave zest to the delivery. In writing, a man often refines and corrects, till he debilitates what was redolent of grace and spirit in the conception.

It is no wonder, then, that both in early and modern times collections of the remarkable sayings of wise men have been accounted among the most precious records of human wisdom. The ancients have left us some valuable collections of this kind; among which (not to include the inspired maxims of Solomon, who spake “three thousand proverbs,”) the conversational outpourings of Socrates, as noted by Plato and Xenophon, are the most interesting and delightful. The Germans, the Italians, and the French, have many repositories of this kind; the Jews, and even the Turks, are not destitute of them; and England is rich in them; indeed Boswell's *Johnson* stands at the head of the list, ancient or modern.

The authenticity of many of these collections has been disputed. Sometimes the alleged table-talk does not coincide with the known opinions of the speaker, as gathered from his life, or as set forth in his published works. Thus Plato makes Socrates often Platonize rather than Socratize. Frequently speeches are put into the lips of a great and good man, so mean, rash, worthless, or indecent, that their admirers cannot bring themselves to believe they uttered them. In these respects portions of the alleged table-talk of Lord Bacon and of Luther lie under suspicion. But it must be remembered that even wise men do not always exhibit wisdom; and that witty men may be seduced to utter striking rather than judicious sayings. Sometimes also the speaker may be jesting, or expressing himself ironically; and frequently he may throw off in the heat of conversation opinions or remarks which will not stand the test of his own calm investigation. The admiring pupil is perhaps not select in his gatherings and recollections; he embalms much that had better gone to decay; he accumulates rubbish as well as rubies; he possibly mistakes, or misstates, the words or intention of the speaker; and he injures the fair fame of the object of his veneration, by recording much that had better been forgotten; in which category we must class whatever is false, gross, or profane, however intellectually or imaginatively felicitous. And all this may happen without any intention to deceive; though sometimes it is to be feared that the love of making a good story has led to intentional exaggeration, to silly fabrication, and to improper would-be wit,

for which the person whose name is abused is not answerable.

After making ample allowances under these several heads, we do not doubt that most of the celebrated collections of table-talk may, in the main, be a genuine transcript; though so mixed up with fallacy or invention, as not to be thoroughly authentic.

We are led to these remarks by glancing over the table-talk of Selden, published after his death by his amanuensis, Richard Milward. The learned Dr. (David) Wilkins, who edited the collected writings of Selden in 1726, discredited the authenticity of this work, declaring that it contains many things inconsistent with Selden's great learning, his known principles, and his general character. But Milward dedicated the book to Selden's four executors, Sir Matthew Hale, Heywood, Vaughan, and Jewkes, stating that he had been twenty years in the habit of hearing Selden's conversation, and that he was sure these relics of "the excellent things that fell from him" would be very acceptable to those who so well knew, and so greatly admired, "this glory of the nation;" and as these eminent lawyers did not repudiate the publication, it was too late for Dr. Wilkins, seventy years after Selden's death, to repudiate it. Many of the remarks are thoroughly Seldenian; and that some are unworthy of so able and learned a man, is no proof that he did not utter something of the kind. Nor are we even surprised that some contradict certain of his written opinions; for, in the course of years men's opinions may vary; besides which, the turn of a conversation may often lead to an inconsistency more apparent than real: as a whig may seem to toryize when opposing a radical; or a moderate dissenter to defend the church when replying to some outrageous misstatement. We have a proof that it was not always easy to discover Selden's real opinion, from what passed relative to his "History of Tithes." This work was published in 1618. It is usually considered as denying the "divine right;" but Selden does not enounce that conclusion, though he arranges his facts and authorities in such a manner as, upon his premises, to render it inevitable. It does not even appear that he wished to deprive the Church of England of this provision; for though he rejects the divine right, he learnedly proves and defends the legal title. The book, however, excited the displeasure of the clergy and of the court; and he was accordingly cited before some of the lords of the high commission to make a public submission, which he did in the following words. "My good lords, I most humbly acknowledge my error which I have committed in publishing the History of Tithes, and especially in that I have at all, by shewing any interpretations of Holy Scriptures, by meddling with councils, fathers, or canons, or by what else soever occurs in it, offered any occasion of argument against any right of maintenance, Jure Divino, of the ministers of the gospel; beseeching your lordships to receive this ingenuous and humble acknowledgment, together with the unfeigned protestation of my grief for that I have so incurred both his majesty's and your lordships' displeasure, conceived against me on behalf of the Church of England." This was popularly considered to be a recantation of his opinion; but it is not really so; and next year, in reply to his opponent, Dr. Tillesley, he said: "I did most humbly acknowledge that I was most sorry for the publishing of that history, because it had offended;

and his majesty's most gracious favor towards me received that satisfaction of the fault in so untimely printing it; and I profess still to the world that I am sorry for it. And so I should have been if I had published a most orthodox catechism that had offended. But what is that to the doctrinal consequences of it, which the doctor talks of? Is there a syllable of it, of less truth, because I was sorry for the publishing of it? He (Dr. Tillesley) hopes, as he says, that my submission hath cleared my judgment concerning the right of tithes. What dream made him hope so? There is not a word of tithes in that submission more than in mentioning the title of the book; neither was my judgment at all in question, but my publishing it." Several replies were put forth; but Selden was forbidden by the king to rejoin. He says: "All that will, have liberty, and some use it, to write and preach what they will against me; to abuse my name, my person, my profession, with as many falsehoods as they please; and my hands are tied; I must not so much as answer their calumnies."

There were several other events in Selden's career which exposed him to the charge of inconsistency; and sometimes the courtiers considered him on their side, and sometimes the parliament party on theirs. But we must not digress to a sketch of his life and character; our only intention being to give a series of passages from his conversations; which we purpose following up in future numbers, by similar contributions from the table-talk of some other remarkable men; selecting such observations as may seem appropriate to our pages—whether for adoption, consideration, or rejection; but not endorsing all that we quote.

A few dates may usefully introduce our citations from Selden. That erudite and laborious man was born in 1584. After passing through Oxford and the Inns of Court, he began to give to the world the fruits of his learned researches in law, history, and other studies. The dry titles of his many volumes it were tedious to specify. He was equally at home in heraldic bearings and Arundelian marbles; in the origin of duels and of church courts; in Jewish antiquities and English constitutional law; in Rabbinical lore, and popish edicts and provincial decrees; in Hebrew and its cognates, and the biography of lord chancery and keepers from the days of the Conquest. He could turn his hand from defending the right of England to the four seas, in his *Mare Clausum*, against the *Mare Liberum* of Grotius, to draw up the petition of rights, or articles of impeachment against Archbishop Laud. "Lay gentlemen," says quaint Fuller, "prefer his 'Titles of Honor;' Lawyers, his 'Mare Clausum;' Antiquaries, his 'Spicilegium ad Eadmeum;' Clergymen like best his 'De Diis Syris,' and worst his 'History of Tithes;' but all acknowledge his wonderful erudition and fecundity."

Yet could he break from his studies, and mix busily in the public struggles of those eventful days; and could then resume them even in a dungeon, except when denied the use of pens, ink, paper, and books; as happened to him when Charles the First imprisoned him, because in his place in the House of Commons he had stood up for the rights of the subject and the privileges of Parliament; and had assisted to confine the speaker by manual force in the chair, while resolutions were passed in spite of his majesty's menaces.

Selden's love of letters moderated the barbarous proceedings of some of his rude colleagues in the

days of anarchy. Thus, when Archbishop Laud's endowment of the professorship of Arabic at Oxford was seized, on the attainder of that prelate, he procured its restitution. When Archbishop Usher's library was confiscated, because his grace had been so graceless as to preach against the infallible Assembly of Divines at Westminster, Selden saved it from sale and dispersion. When prelacy was abolished, he procured the transfer of the Lambeth Library to the University of Cambridge, where it was kept safely till the restoration, and then honestly restored. Many similar services in those days of dilapidation he rendered to literature; and also to science and antiquities.

He continued writing almost till his death, his last work being published when he was nearly seventy years of age. He died in 1654: but had he lived six years longer, we sincerely believe—after all he had witnessed—that he would have cordially concurred in the restoration of monarchy and episcopacy.

To our citations from this Table-Talk we will prefix alphabetical headings, for the convenience of reference. We repeat that citation does not always imply approval.

“Abbeys.”—When the founders of abbeys laid a curse upon those that should take away those lands, I would fain know what power they had to curse me; it is not the curses that come from the poor, or from anybody that hurt me, because they come from them, but because I do something ill against them that deserves God should curse me for it. On the other side, it is not a man's blessing me that makes me blessed, he only declares me to be so; and if I do well, I shall be blessed, whether any bless me or not.

“Articles.”—The nine-and-thirty articles are much another thing in Latin, (in which tongue they were made) than they are translated into English: they were made at three several convocations, and confirmed by act of parliament six or seven times after. There is a secret concerning them: of late ministers have subscribed to all of them, but by act of parliament that confirmed them, they ought only to subscribe to those articles which contain matter of faith, and the doctrine of the sacraments, as appears by the first subscriptions. But Bishop Bancroft, (in the convocation held in King James' day) he began it, that ministers should subscribe to three things; to the king's supremacy, to the Common Prayer, and to the Thirty-nine Articles: many of them do not contain matter of faith. Is it matter of faith how the church should be governed? whether infants should be baptized? whether we have any property in goods, &c.

“Bible.”—The English translation of the Bible is the best translation in the world, and renders the sense of the original best, taking in for the English translation, the bishops' Bible, as well as King James'. The translation in King James' time took an excellent way: that part of the Bible was given to him who was most excellent in such a tongue, (as the Apocrypha to Andrew Downs) and then they met together, and one read the translation, the rest holding in their hands some Bible, either of the learned tongues, or French, Spanish, Italian, &c.; if they found any fault, they spoke; if not, he read on.

Henry the Eighth made a law, that all men might read the Scripture, except servants; but no women, except ladies and gentlewomen, who

had leisure, and might ask somebody the meaning. The law was repealed in Edward the Sixth's days.

“Bishops.”—Anciently, the noblemen lay within the city for safety and security. The bishops' houses were by the water side, because they were held sacred persons which nobody would hurt.

That which is thought to have done the bishops hurt, is their going about to bring men to a blind obedience, imposing things upon them, though perhaps small and well enough, without preparing them, and insinuating into their reasons and fancies. Every man loves to know his commander. I wear those gloves, but, perhaps, if an alderman should command me, I should think much to do it: what has he to do with me? Or, if he has, peradventure I do not know it. This jumping upon things at first dash will destroy all: to keep up friendship, there must be little addresses and applications, whereas bluntness spoils it quickly: to keep up the hierarchy, there must be little applications made to men; they must be brought on little by little: so in the primitive times, the power was gained, and so it must be continued. Scaliger said of Erasmus, *Si minor esse voluit, major fuisset*. So we may say of the bishops, *Si minores esse voluerint, majores fuissent*.

The bishops were too hasty, else, with a discreet slowness, they might have had what they aimed at: the old story of the fellow, that told the gentleman he might get to such a place, if he did not ride too fast, would have fitted their turn.

“Bishops in Parliament.”—You would not have bishops meddle with temporal affairs; think who you are that say it. If a Papist, they do in their church; if an English Protestant, they do among you; if a Presbyterian, where you have no bishops, you mean your Presbyterian lay elders should meddle with temporal affairs as well as spiritual: besides, all jurisdiction is temporal, and in no church but they have some jurisdiction or other. The question then will be reduced to *magis* and *minus*; they meddle more in one church than in another.

Bishops are now unfit to govern because of their learning; they are bred up in another law, they run to the text for something done amongst the Jews that nothing concerns England: it is just as if a man would have a kettle, and he would not go to our brazier to have it made as they make kettles, but he would have it made as Hiram made his brass-work, who wrought in Solomon's temple.

To take away bishops' votes, is but the beginning to take them away; for then they can be no longer useful to the king or state. It is but like the little wimble, to let in the greater auger. *Objection.* But, they are but for their life, and that makes them always go for the king as he will have them. *Answer.* This is against a double charity, for you must always suppose a bad king and bad bishops.

“Books.”—It is good to have translations, because they serve as a comment, so far as the judgment of the man goes.

Quoting of authors is most for matter of fact; and then I write them as I would produce a witness, sometimes for a free expression; and then I give the author his due, and gain myself praise by reading him.

"To quote a modern Dutchman, where I may use a classic author, is as if I were to justify my reputation, and I neglect all persons of note and quality that know me, and bring the testimonial of the scullion in the kitchen.

"*Ceremony.*—Ceremony keeps up all things; it is like a penny-glass to a rich spirit, or some excellent water; without it the water were spilt, the spirit lost.

"*Church of Rome.*—Before a juggler's tricks are discovered, we admire him, and give him money, but afterwards we care not for them; so it was before the discovery of the juggling of the Church of Rome.

"Catholics say, we, out of our charity, believe they of the Church of Rome may be saved; but they do not believe so of us; therefore, their church is better, according to ourselves: First, some of them no doubt believe as well of us, as we do of them, but they must not say so; besides, is that an argument their church is better than ours, because it has less charity?

"*Clergy.*—Though a clergyman have no faults of his own, yet the faults of the whole tribe shall be laid upon him, so that he shall be sure not to lack.

"The clergy (Laudean) would have us believe them against our own reason, as the woman would have had her husband against his own eyes; 'What! will you believe your own eyes before your own sweet wife!'

"*Confessional.*—In time of parliament it used to be one of the first things the house did to petition the king that his confessor might be removed, as fearing either his power with the king, or else, lest he should reveal to the pope what the house was in doing, as no doubt he did, when the Catholic cause was concerned.

"The difference between us and the Papists is, we both allow contrition; but the Papists make confession a part of contrition; they say a man is not sufficiently contrite till he confess his sins to a priest.

"Why should I think a priest will not reveal confession? I am sure he will do anything that is forbidden him, haply not so often as I. The utmost punishment is deprivation; and how can it be proved that ever any man revealed confession when there is no witness? and no man can be witness in his own cause. A mere gullery! There was a time when it was public in the church, and that is much against their auricular confession.

"*Conscience.*—He that hath a scrupulous conscience, is like a horse that is not well weighed; he starts at every bird that flies out of the hedge.

"*Consecrated Places.*—All things are God's already; we can give him no right by consecrating any that he had not before, only we set it apart to his service: just as a gardener brings his lord and master a basket of apricots, and presents them; his lord thanks him, perhaps gives him something for his pains; and yet the apricots were as much his lord's before as now.

"Yet consecration has this power: when a man has consecrated anything to God, he cannot of himself take it away.

"*Devils.*—Casting out devils (by the Romish clergy) is mere juggling; they never cast out any but what they first cast in: they do it where, for reverence, no man shall dare to examine it; they do it in a corner, in a mortice-hole, not in the market-place; they do nothing but what may be done by art; they make the devil fly out of the window, in the likeness of a bat or a rat. Why do they not hold him? Why, in the likeness of a

bat, or a rat, or some creature? that is, why not in some shape we paint him in, with claws and horns? By this trick they gain much, gain upon men's fancies, and so are revered; and certainly, if the priest deliver me from him that is my most deadly enemy, I have all the reason in the world to reverence him. *Objection.* But if this be juggling, why do they punish impostures? *Answer.* For great reason: because they do not play their part well, and for fear others should discover them; and so all of them ought to be of the same trade.

"*Equity.*—Equity in law is the same that the spirit is in religion, what every one pleases to make it; sometimes they go according to conscience, sometimes according to law, sometimes according to the rule of court.

"Equity is a roguish thing; for law we have a measure—know what to trust to; equity is according to the conscience of him that is chancellor, and as that is larger or narrower, so is equity. It is all one as if they should make the standard for the measure we call a foot, a chancellor's foot; what an uncertain measure would this be! One chancellor has a long foot, another a short foot, a third an indifferent foot: it is the same thing in the chancellor's conscience.

"That saying, 'Do as you would be done to,' is often misunderstood; for it is not thus meant—that I, a private man, should do to you, a private man, as I would have you do to me, but do as we have agreed to do one to another by public agreement. If the prisoner should ask the judge, whether he would be contented to be hanged, were he in his case, he would answer—No: Then, says the prisoner, do as you would be done to. Neither of them must do as private men, but the judge must do by him as they have publicly agreed—that is, both judge and prisoner have consented to a law, that if either of them steal, they shall be hanged.

"*Hell.*—There are two texts for Christ's descending into hell: the one, Psalm xvi., the other, Acts ii., where the Bible that was in use when the Thirty-nine Articles were made, has it *hell*. But the Bible that was in Queen Elizabeth's time, when the articles were confirmed, reads it *grave*; and so it continued till the new translation in King James' time, and then it is *hell* again. But by this we may gather the Church of England declined, as much as they could, the descent; otherwise they never would have altered the Bible.

"*Images.*—Though the learned Papists pray not to images, yet it is to be feared the ignorant do; as appears by that story of St. Nicholas in Spain. A countryman used to offer daily to St. Nicholas' image: at length by mischance the image was broken, and a new one made of his own plum-tree; after that the man forbore. Being complained of to his ordinary, he answered—it is true, he used to offer to the old image, but to the new he could not find in his heart, because he knew it was a piece of his own plum-tree. You see what opinion this man had of the image; and to this tended the bowing of their images, the twinkling of their eyes, the Virgin's milk, &c. Had they only meant representations, a picture would have done as well as these tricks. It may be with us in England they do not worship images; because living amongst Protestants, they are either laughed out of it, or beaten out of it by shock of argument.

"It is a discreet way concerning pictures in churches, to set up no new, nor to pull down no old."

From Tait's Magazine.

THIERS' HISTORY OF NAPOLEON.*

IN our number for May we made some remarks upon the first two volumes of M. Thiers' new history. The third and fourth volumes now lie before us.

We dropped the thread of the narrative at the beginning of the year 1801, when the negotiations had been set on foot which were to close in twelve months with the treaty of Amiens. We are now carried on for three years further, to the commencement of that new war which was about to be signalized by the bloody days of Austerlitz and Trafalgar. The events thus embraced in the third and fourth volumes of the work present but at few points the picturesque aspect and warlike interest of those which abounded in the earlier volumes; and, on the other hand, this second period in the administration of the first consul, comprehending the gradual results of his novel system of organization, offers itself to our eye with less distinctness of outline than did the facts of the preceding period, in which we saw the vast structure of polity rising swiftly out of the chaotic ruins left by the democratic republic. For the historical student now, as for France and Europe at the time, the general character of this period is that of repose. Yet the quiet was broken by several mighty paroxysms, which give animation and variety to its history; and instructive truths as well as adventurous incidents are to be found at many places of our progress. To British readers, indeed, no point in the fierce career of the modern Charlemagne is either so important, or so interesting, as that which meets us at the close of the year 1803. Some years before this, a poet of our nation, looking abroad with mingled hope and fear upon the bloodshed and anarchy which distracted the European continent, celebrated with thankful reverence that providential destiny, which had placed us on our island-rock, protected by our position from the worst evils suffered by our neighbors.

Not yet enslaved, not wholly vile,
Oh, Albion! oh, my mother-isle!
Thy valleys, fair as Eden's bowers,
Glitter green with sunny showers:
Thy grassy uplands' gentle swells
Echo to the bleat of flocks:
(Those grassy hills, those glittering dells,
Proudly ramparted with rocks;)
And ocean, 'mid his uproar wild,
Speaks safety to his ISLAND-CHILD!
Hence, for many a fearless age,
Has social quiet loved thy shore:
Nor ever proud invader's rage,
Or sacked thy towers, or stained thy fields with
gore!

Just seven years after those lines were written, England was on the point of being invaded by the whole host of France; and nothing but a combination of fortunate occurrences saved the nation from a struggle, on its own soil, for its freedom and its very existence.

A series of momentous events pass before us in the history of the consulate, before we reach this

* History of the Consulate and the Empire of France under Napoleon; forming a Sequel to the "History of the French Revolution." By M. A. Thiers, late prime minister of France, &c. Translated by D. Forbes Campbell, Esq. London: Colburn. Vols. III. and IV.

LXXIV. LIVING AGE. VOL. VII. 5

anxious crisis. There are first presented the latest acts of hostility which preceded the temporary peace; acts among which the most important was the expulsion of the French from Egypt, purchased by the life of the brave Abercromby. We then behold the negotiations terminating in that general European peace, which was hailed with such transport in our country as well as in France, but which jealousies on both sides, and domineering ambition on one, were destined to render so short-lived. Napoleon next appears, occupied at home in the great business of his life, the building up of the last of those steps by which he mounted the throne of the Bourbons; or rather, if we would express the truth exactly, obtaining by degrees the consent of the French people, to give the name and trappings of royalty to a power which was already more thoroughly absolute than that of any other sovereign in Europe. He reorganizes the church in France by the concordat and the arrangements consequent on it: he palsies the dangerous tribunate by a mixture of intrigue and of intimidation: he procures from a vast majority of the nation a grant to himself for life, and to any person he might appoint to succeed him, of that despotic authority which he had already for years exercised without resistance. Afterwards we see him engaged in that arbitrary partition of the continent in which the legitimate sovereigns so eagerly acquiesced, each one more shamelessly greedy than another, and each doomed in his turn to discover that he had been made the tool of a more dexterous diplomatist than himself. The breach speedily follows: and we watch the preparation made on all sides for the war of the third coalition, so disastrous in its results for all the enemies of France, so humiliating for all of them except England. And in the last stage of the history as it lies before us, the two most prominent sections are these: the preparations for the invasion of England; and the murder of the Duke D'Enghien.

The manner in which the author treats this diversified series of topics, is such as to justify fully both the favorable opinions on some points, and the hesitating anticipations on others, which we expressed in describing his two earlier volumes. But the fears which we hinted have proved to be even better founded than we had supposed they were. The literary merit of the work is well sustained; and the interest of the narrative, if not so engrossing as that which the historian was able to give to the tragic horrors of the revolution, is generally lively, and sometimes exceedingly powerful. But the moral tone is neither loftier nor warmer than that which pervaded the "History of the Revolution;" and the deficiency in historical impartiality is to the full as great as we were afraid it would be, when we contemplated the known opinions and the political position of the late prime minister of France. His unfairness towards England is quite as great as it might have been expected to be in the leader of the French war party. His partizanship of that which was evil in the character and policy of the first consul, is even more thoroughgoing than that which might naturally have been prompted by the reverence for Napoleon's memory, so strongly felt at present among the great mass of the French nation.

The aversion to the "perfidious Albion," indeed, is consistent with the political system of M. Thiers, as well as natural to him from national

prepossessions ; but so much cannot be said for his desire to palliate all the faults and crimes of the great man of his history. This desire betrays him frequently into trains of thought, involving principles which it is not easy to reconcile with the strong advocacy of popular rights supposed to be undertaken by the party of which he is a chief. The truth is, that such inconsistency must inevitably be fallen into, by any one who, professing even the most moderate form of liberal principles in politics, shall attempt to defend the conduct of Napoleon, either towards the French nation, or towards other European states. By a person holding such principles, the defence ought never to be undertaken. The rule of Napoleon over France (however great the genius which conducted its administrative measures, or however glorious the military triumphs it gained for the nation) was really an unlimited despotism : the attainment of an unlimited despotism, exercised directly or indirectly, was, not perhaps from the first, but certainly from a very early stage in his extraordinary career, the paramount purpose of all that he did in relation to foreign states. These points should always be admitted as the foundation of reasoning upon his public character : and the only important question that remains open is this—whether, for those whom he ruled, it was better or worse that they should for a time be subjected to such a despotism as his ; a question which, in regard to France itself, might not be altogether easy of solution.

But, to a Frenchman, the admission upon which such a question is based, must be a very bitter pill,—nauseous to the palate, and indigestible for the stomach. It is no wonder that the French are loath to swallow it. Their historians have found out several ways of saving them from the unpleasant necessity. The most usual method is that which M. Thiers adopts, and which no one uses with greater dexterity. His countrymen are reminded, again and again, that the idol they worshipped was an idol of their own making, that the throne he sat upon was one which they had built for him. It is shown how, after those scenes of violence which gave him his first hold of power, every step he took towards absolute sovereignty was cordially acquiesced in, or had even been originally suggested, by the voice of the French nation, speaking either through its authorized representatives, or directly by the personal votes of the citizens. The fact undoubtedly was so : and it is not the least curious fact in this strange history, that the last step of Napoleon's rise, (except the assumption of the imperial title, which was merely a point of form,) was gained by an appeal made, in cool violation of the existing constitution, from the official representatives of the nation to the nation at large. The French historians never hint at a reflection which suggests itself instantaneously to observers whose national vanity is not interested in the argument. Suppose Napoleon's despotism had been reared up, from first to last, by undisguised military violence : suppose he had been placed and supported on the throne by the army, in opposition or disregard to the will of the people : might not this have been a state of things less dishonorable for France, than that which actually took place ? Is it not a smaller blot on the honor of a nation, to have been enslaved by force, than to have willingly consented to slavery ? Or, to put the case without any comparison, is not the disgrace which France

suffered, by the absolute loss of its freedom, positively aggravated by the fact, that its freedom was not wrested from it, but voluntarily yielded up ? No such thought occurs to a Bonapartist Frenchman. The humiliation of having had a despotic master is forgotten in the glory of the deeds which the master taught his servants to perform. The mass of the nation, looking back on a time when it was led by Napoleon through a course of conquest such as Europe had not witnessed for a thousand years, is prouder of having served him like a herd of slaves, than it would have been of coöperating constitutionally in the wisest government of a peaceful sovereign. Nay, the pride of having confronted the tempests of the empire is higher now than it was when those tempests blew. There has been time to forget the strait pressure of the war taxes, the misery and the bloodshed of the exhausting conscriptions, the degradation of foreign invasions and of foreign conquests.

In his History, as in the tribune, M. Thiers pays a willing homage to the Bonapartist spirit. Down to the point to which his fourth volume carries us, that is, to the point at which Napoleon was about to be crowned as emperor, he has nowhere found occasion to discover that his hero had done any act of which his countrymen had just reason to complain. Our author's favorite manner of contemplating great events—his way of seeming to look at them as a cool and dispassionate spectator, who declines to speculate either on their causes or on their moral bearings—enables him to glide lightly over any spot of his journey, where the hollow ground might break through beneath an incautious tread.

We cannot pause to trace either the political progress of the first consul in the period before us, or the particulars of the manner in which the progress is related. The author sums up his views for us in the closing paragraphs of the third volume, when he has just described, with quiet exactness, the devices by which that skilful tactician, Cambacérès, had first gagged the Tribunate, and afterwards set the senate at nought, and gained for his master the consulship for life, with the prerogative of appointing his successor.

“ Having arrived at the third year of his consulate, he presented himself to the two legislative assemblies, the bearer of peace both on land and at sea, peace with Heaven, amnesty to all the proscribed, a splendid code of laws, an effective scheme of public education, and a glorious system of social distinctions. Although he presented himself with his hands loaded with these gifts, he had, nevertheless, encountered an unexpected, violent, and senseless opposition, attributable partly to worthy, and partly to very unworthy motives—to the envy of some members, and to the love entertained by others of a liberty at that time altogether impracticable. Delivered by the wisdom of his colleague, Cambacérès, from this opposition, which, in his fury, he would have crushed by violence, he had now at length crowned all his labors, and had succeeded in procuring the national assent to the treaties concluded with Europe, to the *Concordat*, his system of lay and national education, and to the institution of the Legion of Honor ; and had received, as a reward for all these services, the chief power for life, and thus attained a greatness equal to that of the Roman emperors. At this instant, he resumed the labor of the Codes, adjusted as arbiter the conflicting interests on the continent, reformed the constitution of Germany,

and distributed the territories to the various princes with an equity which was acknowledged by all Europe.

"Now if, dismissing from the mind everything which has happened since, we imagine for a moment this dictator, at that time necessary to the country, continuing as wise as he was great, uniting those opposing attributes, which the Almighty, it is true, has never yet combined in one mortal, that vigor of genius which constitutes a great commander, with that patience which is the distinguishing feature of the founder of an empire, tranquillizing, by a long repose, the convulsed French nation, and *preparing the people, by slow degrees, for that liberty which is the honor and the indispensable ingredient in modern societies*; then, after having rendered France so great, appeasing, instead of irritating the jealousies of the surrounding nations, establishing the territorial demarcations, fixed by the treaties of Lunéville and Amiens, upon a settled foundation, as the permanent, immutable basis upon which the balance of Europe should rest; at length terminating his career by an act worthy of the Antonines, by selecting, no matter in what quarter, the most worthy successor, in whose hands to place this organized France, *now prepared for liberty*, and forever aggrandized: what man had ever equalled this? But such a man, combining the military genius of Cæsar, and the political talents of Augustus, with the noble qualities and sublime virtues of Marcus Aurelius, would have been more than human; and the rulers assigned to us by Providence are not divine.

"And yet, at this period, he appeared so moderate after having been so victorious, he showed himself so profound a legislator after having proved himself so great a commander, he evinced so much love for the arts of peace after having excelled in the arts of war, that well might he excite illusions in France and in the world. Only some few amongst the personages who were admitted to his councils, who were capable of judging of futurity by the present, were filled with as much anxiety as admiration, on witnessing the indefatigable activity of his mind and body, the energy of his will, and the impetuosity of his desires. They trembled even at seeing him do good in the way he did, so impatient was he to accomplish it quickly, and upon an immense scale. The sagacious Tronchet, who both admired and loved him, and looked upon him as the saviour of France, said, nevertheless, one day, in a tone of deep feeling, to Cambacérès, 'This young man begins like Cæsar; I fear that he will end like him.'

In animadverting on the strong bias shown by M. Thiers towards Napoleon, and against England, we make full allowance for prepossessions, from which even the most dispassionate historian would find it difficult to extricate himself. Neither in regard to the Emperor of France, nor in regard to the nation which was the emperor's most dangerous enemy, do we expect that the writer shall feel as an Englishman would. When a sore place is touched, we do not insist that he shall not wince; when a circumstance is to be related, which flatters the national vanity, we do not expect that he shall abstain from exultation. We are prepared to find that the tone of expression throughout the whole work shall be such as to show the existence of such feelings; and we do not quarrel with the feeling, even when it exhibits itself with a vividness not quite justified by the facts. In re-

gard to military operations, in particular, much license must be allowed, both to the narration of occurrences, and to the estimate of results. When, for instance, the historian describes the landing of the English army, under Abercromby, at Alexandria, he may be quietly allowed so to arrange his narrative, that the admiration of his readers shall be excited exclusively in favor of the French; nor is it worth while to cavil with him for denying that the battle was lost, since he is himself compelled to admit that the victory was decisive enough to wrest Egypt out of the hands of the French. Nor, to take another example, is it a matter of any consequence that Admiral de Saumarez should be represented, in the naval engagement off Cadiz, in the summer of 1801, as having "cruelly revenged himself," by an incident, which indeed contributed to his success; but for which, as the narrative of M. Thiers, in the same page, distinctly shows, the admiral was not, in the slightest degree, answerable. In like manner, it is natural enough that the account given of the actions of Napoleon, shall everywhere be somewhat colored by the writer's feelings of pride and admiration; feelings, however, which, if we mistake not, are evinced more and more openly as the work proceeds. Much, likewise, that enters into such an account, is matter of taste; and an oration, or a diplomatic paper, which to one man seems noble or august, may be thought by another to be a piece of stage-trick, or of coarse rhodomontade. We are thus inclined to abstain from all objections to a good deal which appears to us to give too flattering a view of Napoleon's conduct, especially in its moral aspect; (for it is not the wonderful genius of the man, but his character as a moral agent, that we are ever inclined to rate low;) and in the same way we say nothing of some assertions, and many opinions, which are by no means soothing to our national prejudices. We will even give one or two specimens, in which it will be found that there is a considerable sprinkling of truth, flavored, however, with so much of pique and animosity, as to disguise the truth from English apprehension, till after a strong effort of reflection.

It is thus that the historian alludes to some of those causes which led to the rupture of the peace of Amiens; a rupture for which, as we admit, the English ministry was primarily to blame, although, sooner or later, a breach must have taken place:—

"Imagine an envious man witnessing the success of a dreaded rival; and you will have a tolerably correct idea of the sentiments with which England beheld the prosperity of France. That mighty and illustrious nation had, nevertheless, in its own greatness, wherewithal to console itself for the greatness of another. But it was a prey to a singular jealousy. While the successes of General Bonaparte had been an argument against the administration of Mr. Pitt, they had been hailed in England with a sort of applause. But since these successes, continued and heightened, were those of France herself; since she was seen to grow greater by peace as well as by war, by policy as much as by arms; since in eighteen months the Italian Republic had been seen to become, under the presidency of General Bonaparte, a French province, Piedmont added to our territory with the assent of the continent, Parma and Louisiana increasing our possessions by the mere execution of treaties, lastly, Ger-

many reconstituted by our sole influence; since all this had been seen accomplished peaceably, naturally, as a thing arising from a universally accepted situation, a manifest spite had seized all English hearts; and this spite was no more dissembled than are usually the feelings of a passionate, proud, and free people."

In another place, where he has to admit that the first consul had, in his opinion, committed a mistake in policy, he consoles himself by the reflection, that England has fallen into the same mistake, and is likely enough to fall into it again. He is speaking of the expedition against St. Domingo. That expedition, undertaken for the purpose of preserving, for France, the wealthiest of all the West India Islands, had been baffled by the genius and heroism of the negro Toussaint L'Ouverture, (a great man, though a barbarian, whose memory is treated by Thiers with as signal injustice as his person was by Napoleon,) and had issued in the mortifying destruction of one of the finest armies that the French ever sent out.

"Such was the sacrifice made by the first consul to the ancient commercial system of France, a sacrifice for which he has been keenly censured. Still, to judge soundly of the acts of the heads of governments, we should always take into account the circumstances under the control of which they acted. When peace had been made with the whole world, when the ideas of old commerce poured in again like a torrent, when, in Paris and in all the sea-ports, the merchants, the ruined colonists, loudly demanded the reestablishment of our commercial prosperity; when they urged the recovery of a possession which once constituted the wealth and the pride of the ancient monarchy; when thousands of officers, seeing with mortification their career cut short by peace, offered to serve in any part of the world where their arms were needed; was it possible to refuse to the regrets of the former and to the activity of the latter the occasion for restoring the commerce of France? What has England not done to preserve North America, Spain to preserve South America? What would not Holland do to preserve Java? Nations never suffered any great possession to slip out of their hands, without making an effort to retain it, even though they have no chance of success. We shall see if the American war has furnished the English with a lesson, and if they will attempt to defend Canada, whenever that northern colony shall indulge the very natural predilection which attracts it towards the United States."

But these are not the most glaring examples of the unfair and ungenerous spirit which our author displays, in speaking of England. We are weary of fault-finding, but cannot avoid pointing out, hastily, two instances, both of which, we must say, surprise us not a little.

Let us suppose that M. Thiers were again to be prime minister of France. If, while he is minister, the Duke of Bordeaux were to return to England, would M. Thiers advise Louis Philippe to insist that the alien law should be put in force against him? If the tory newspapers of London were to libel the king of the French, and to exhort his subjects to restore the Bourbons—(and the most zealous of them have published such libels, and such exhortations, hundreds of times, when his newly-raised throne was tottering on its base)—would M. Thiers address to Sir Robert Peel a diplomatic note, calling on him to seize

the types and presses of *The Morning Post*, and to throw *The Age* into the Thames? Napoleon addressed similar demands to the ministry of George III., and made it a ground of quarrel that the demands were refused: and M. Thiers not only thinks the first consul's conduct to have been justifiable, though a little pettish, (justifiable in all respects, except his condescending to write with his own hand bitter and abusive leading articles for *The Moniteur*,) but actually stoops to give an incorrect and incomplete report, both of the reply which the English ministry made to the demand, and of the steps which they really took in consequence of it. We do not defend all that Mr. Addington and his colleagues did in these matters: in them, as in many others, they were alike weak and imprudent; but they did not do all that they are charged by the French with having done, and they did some things for which the French historian will not give them credit. We cannot spare room for the particulars, and content ourselves with referring to the sixteenth book of the history.—The point mainly involved in the case, is the character of an administration, for which no British reader of ordinary intelligence entertains any respect. But the case illustrates aptly, within a narrow compass, the tendency of M. Thiers to take up and to convey inaccurate and unfair impressions, on questions in which the policy of Great Britain is concerned.

The extent to which his judgment and feelings are warped by his Anglophobia, is shown yet more palpably by the next example we shall give. No one needs to be reminded of that cruel decree, by which, on the breaking out of the war in 1803, several thousands of British subjects, travelling or residing in France, were arrested without warning, and detained as prisoners of war, most of them till the dethronement of the emperor in 1814. This procedure is universally recognized, except, perhaps, in Paris, as having been not only cruel, but unjustifiable by the law of nations, and unprecedented in the history of civilized Europe. Even if it had been less clearly unjustifiable, on diplomatic principles, yet surely the harshness of it, and the misery it brought upon so many innocent persons and families, might have claimed a word of sympathy. No such word is here uttered: we have nothing but one of the author's cool recitals of the acts which were done, and of the arguments by which the actor justified them; and this recital, too, involves in its close a positive misstatement; since it was not the fact that the arrests were confined to persons in the public service. We quote the paragraph without farther comment:—

"A circumstance easy enough, it is true, to be foreseen, served greatly to increase the public indignation. Almost at the moment of the departure of the two ambassadors, and before any regular manifestation, news arrived that the ships of the English royal navy were capturing French merchantmen. Two frigates had taken in the bay of Audierne a number of trading vessels, which were going to seek refuge at Brest. These first acts were soon followed by many others, intelligence of which arrived from all the ports. It was a violence not at all conformable to the law of nations. There was a formal stipulation on this subject in the late treaty signed between America and France, (30th of September, 1800, Art. 8,) but in the treaty of Amiens, it is true, there was nothing of the sort. That treaty con-

tained no stipulation for delaying, in case of rupture, the commencement of hostilities against commerce. But this delay resulted from the moral principles of the law of nations, placed far above all written stipulations. The first consul, all the ardor of whose character was kindled by this new situation, determined instantly to use reprisals, and drew up an *arrêté*, by which he declared all the English, travelling in France at the time of the rupture, prisoners of war. Since the English, he said, were determined to visit upon mere traders, innocent of the policy of their government, the consequences of that policy, he was authorized to do the same, and to secure means of exchange by constituting the British subjects actually arrested on the soil of France his prisoners. This measure, though actuated by the conduct of Great Britain, nevertheless exhibited a character of rigor which was liable to ruffle the public opinion, and to excite apprehensions of the renewal of the violences of the last war. M. Cambacérès strongly remonstrated with the first consul, and obtained a modification of the projected dispositions. Thanks to his efforts, those dispositions were made to apply only to such British subjects as were in the military service, or held any commission whatever from the government. For the rest, they were not confined, but merely prisoners on parole in various fortified places."

We pass to the last two books of the fourth volume, which are the most animated and interesting pieces of narrative the work has yet furnished.

The latter of the two, if it occurred in a history written anywhere but in France, would be headed, and headed truly, "The Murder of the Duke D'Enghien." On the page before us, it is entitled, more prudently, "The Conspiracy of Georges." The drift of the narrative is not to be mistaken. It is an attempt, which the writer is hardly at the trouble of disguising, to find palliations for the atrocious deed, which is the principal event related in it. The task undertaken is difficult; and it is not surprising that, however dexterously performed, the result should be unsatisfactory. In truth, the only strong point that is made out, is this; not that Napoleon did what was right, but that other parties, as well as he, did things which were very wrong. Even this lame defence is deformed by exaggerations and positive mistakes or misrepresentations. The English ministry are accused, perseveringly and directly, not only of having employed and paid royalist agents to foment discontents in France, especially in the army, and to incite insurrection against the consular government, (a charge which is unquestionably true,) but of having incited and hired such persons to assassinate the first consul. That Napoleon himself believed the charge, is very likely; but it is truly marvellous that an honorable and well informed man, even though a Frenchman, and a worshipper of the manes of the emperor, should at this time of day believe and repeat the accusation. Not only is it untrue, but (we make the assertion advisedly) there is not the slightest proof of its truth—not the slightest proof, even by inference—in any part of the circumstantial narrative which is presented to us. Yet it is no very unjust retribution, that the memory of the English ministry of that time should suffer by this foul imputation. They who stoop to employ dangerous and unworthy agents, must be content to share some part of the opprobrium which the agents earn by

acting on their own responsibility. If English gold was furnished to desperate emigrants, in the hope that it would promote a new revolution in France, by means not involving actual crime; they who furnished it cannot be held free from all blame, if the assistance given was used for purposes which the givers never contemplated. The equivocal intrigues of Mr. Drake, the British minister at Munich, deserved no better issue than the humiliating and ludicrous exposure which they received from the counter-intrigue conducted by the first consul in person. This part of the story is told by M. Thiers with infinite zest, and, we believe, with complete accuracy. But Mr. Drake's secret correspondents, (fellows who were in the pay of Napoleon, and who sent to Munich information which was dictated to them by him,) were not the most dangerous persons with whom the advisers of George III. allowed themselves to be suspected of having dealings.

Georges Cadoudal, the chief of the Chouans of Morbihan, in Brittany, had made his escape on the final defeat of his band, and was living in England. This daring and unscrupulous partisan became the principal agent in a plot which was hatched by the emigrants, for purposes as to which there is still contradiction among historical writers. It was certainly intended for the overthrow of the consular government: it is equally certain that the unfortunate General Pichegru, lately escaped from Cayenne, and living in London, was a party to it; that it was also shared in by some of the confidential advisers of the Count d'Artois; and that General Moreau, living at Paris, in retirement, and avowedly a malcontent, was likewise involved in it. According to the royalist writers, nothing was contemplated beyond insurrection and the restoration of the Bourbons; or, if any designs were entertained against the first consul's life, they must have been merely the frantic notions of Georges, or others of the inferior conspirators, and cannot have been known to the more elevated personages implicated. According to M. Thiers, and others, the main purpose was the taking away of Napoleon's life; and the Count d'Artois, or some other of the princes, was either to be present when the deed was done, or was to show himself immediately afterwards.

"Let us now look at the plan of the new conspiracy. There was no longer any chance of getting up an insurrection in La Vendée; on the other hand, to make a direct attack on the first consul, in the very heart of Paris, seemed an equally sure and speedy means of attaining the desired end. The consular government being once overthrown, no other government, according to the authors of this project, could succeed it but that of the Bourbons. Now, as the consular government was wholly vested in the person of General Bonaparte, it was necessary that he should be destroyed: this conclusion was inevitable. But he must be destroyed without chance of failure. The dagger, the infernal machine, and similar means, left too much to chance; the firmness of the assassin's heart or the steadiness of his hand might fail him; the infernal machine might explode an instant too soon or an instant too late. But there was one mode which had not yet been tried, and upon which, consequently, no stigma of ill success rested; that of assembling a hundred resolute men, with the intrepid Georges as their leader; to waylay the First Consul's carriage on the road to St. Cloud or to Malmaison; to attack his guard, num-

bering only some ten or a dozen horse, disperse it, and kill the first consul in a *quasi* battle. By this method success was deemed to be certain. Georges, who was brave, who had some military pretensions, and was unwilling to be considered an assassin, required that two of the princes, or at all events one of them, should accompany him, and thus regain his or their ancestral crown sword in hand. Is it credible? These men, perverted by exile, flattered themselves that thus to attack the first consul while surrounded by his guards was not to assassinate him, but to give him battle! They seemed to be on a par with the gallant Archduke Charles, combating against General Bonaparte at Tagliamento or at Wagram; or only inferior to him as to number of troops! Wretched sophistry, to which even those who propounded it could have given but half credence, and which stigmatizes those unfortunate Bourbons, not indeed with a natural perversity, but with a perversity acquired amidst the ferocities of civil war, and in the weariness and misery of exile. There was but one of these men whose part became him, Georges Cadoudal. He was a proficient in these surprises, which he had practised in the forest wilds of Brittany; and now, that he was about to exert his science at the very gates of Paris, he did not fear being degraded into the mere herd of vulgar tools, who are made use of and then disowned or denounced; for he anticipated having princes for his accomplices. He had thus far secured all the dignity which could comport with the part that he was about to play; and he subsequently showed, by his bearing in the presence of his judges, that it was not he who was degraded by these events."

The emigrant actors in the plot, whatever its purpose may have been, proceeded to enter France, by stealth, in successive parties. They were carried over by Captain Wright, whose tragical fate afterwards exposed Napoleon to one of the darkest suspicions that rest upon his name.

"All details being thus far arranged, Georges, with a party of Chouans, upon whose fidelity he could rely, set out from London for France. He and his men were armed, like so many highwaymen; and he carried in a belt bills of exchange to the amount of a million. Not for an instant can it be supposed that the French princes, reduced to all sorts of expedients to supply their own wants, could furnish such sums as circulated among the wholesale speculators in conspiracy. Those sums proceeded from the old source, that is to say, from the British treasury.

"An officer of the English royal navy, Captain Wright, a bold and skilful seaman, in command of a light vessel, took on board at Deal or Hastings such emigrants as wished to make the French coast, and landed them at such point in France as they chose. Since the first consul had discovered this, and had caused the coast of Brittany to be more strictly watched than ever, Captain Wright had chosen another track, and landed his passengers upon the coast of Normandy.

"Between Dieppe and Tréport, in the side of the steep cliff of Biville, was a secret passage, formed in a cleft of the rock, and known only to smugglers. A cable, securely fixed to the top of the cliff, descended through this cleft, as far as the surface of the sea. At a certain cry, the concealed wardens of this passage let down the cable, the smugglers seized it, and, by its aid, climbed the precipice, two or three hundred feet in height,

carrying heavy loads of merchandise upon their shoulders. The trusty followers of Georges had found out this path, and had readily enough purchased the use of it. To render their secret communication with Paris complete, they had established a chain of lodging places; some in solitary farms, some in the chateaux of Norman nobles, faithful and wary royalists, who rarely left their abodes. By these means it was easy to pass from the channel coast right onward to Paris without once touching upon a high-road or entering an inn. Finally, that there might be the less risk of discovering this secret way to enemies, it was reserved for the exclusive use of the most important personages of the party and their immediately followers. The money lavished among some of the Norman royalists, whose shelter was thus secured, the fidelity of others, and, especially, the distance of this secret track from all frequented roads, rendered imprudences but little to be dreaded, and, for some time, at least, the secret secure.

"It was by this route that Georges entered Paris, disembarking from Captain Wright's vessel at the foot of the cliff of Biville on the 21st of August, 1803, at the very time when the first consul was inspecting the coasts. Following the track of the smugglers, and accompanied by some of his most trusty lieutenants, he proceeded from shelter to shelter, till he reached Chaillot, in one of the suburbs of Paris. There a small lodging was prepared for him, whence he could nightly steal forth into Paris, to see his associates, and make all ready to strike the blow for which he had returned to France."

Georges, we are next told, sounded the feelings of the people in La Vendée, and found that no assistance was to be expected from them. Pichegru, following Georges by the same route he had taken, lay concealed in Paris, with M. de Polignae, and some other men of rank; and communicated with his old friend Moreau, who, however, is said to have shown himself averse to the restoration of the dethroned family. The plot, whatever it was, encountered obstacles; and Georges remained in hiding from August, 1803, till January of the next year. Suspicion was awakened, and Napoleon became anxious; but he had removed Fouché from the head of the police, and his new minister, Regnier, served him less efficiently. The first consul had to thank his own sagacity and patience for the discovery of the clue.

"The first consul was still strongly persuaded that the men who had conceived the plan of the infernal machine were still more likely to strike some new blow under existing circumstances; and, struck by some arrests effected in Paris, La Vendée, and Normandy, he said to Murat, then governor of Paris, and to M. Réal, who was at the head of the police: 'The emigrants are certainly at their old tricks; there have been several arrests; let some of the prisoners be selected and sent before a military commission; and rather than be shot they will tell all that they know.' What we here relate occurred between the 25th and the 30th of January, while interviews were taking place between Pichegru and Moreau, and just as the conspirators were becoming disheartened. The first consul had a list of the arrested individuals laid before him. In this list he discovered some of the agents of Georges, who had preceded or followed him into France, and among them an ex-doctor of the Vendéan armies who had landed in Georges' company in August. After careful consideration

of the individual cases, the first consul pointed out five, and said, 'Either I am greatly mistaken, or we shall find these men both able and willing to give us information.' For some time past, no use had been made of the laws formerly enacted for the establishment of military courts; during the peace, the first consul had been desirous to let these laws fall into disuse, but, on the renewal of war, he thought it necessary to call them again into existence; and especially against those spies who entered France to watch the preparations making there against England, and some of whom had consequently been arrested, condemned, and shot. The five individuals, whom the first consul now selected, were sent to trial. Two of them were acquitted; two, being convicted of crimes punishable with death, were condemned to be shot, and suffered that punishment without making any confession, beyond a bold avowal that they had entered France to serve that legitimate king who would speedily become victorious over his republican foes. They also spoke in most hostile terms against the person of the first consul. The fifth of these individuals, whom the first consul had especially pointed out as being likely to make a clean breast, declared, when on the way to execution, that he had some important information to give; and he was immediately visited by one of the most astute and experienced agents of the police. He confessed everything, declaring that he had landed at Biville cliff in company with Georges himself, as far back as the month of August; that they had made their way through the woods, from one hiding-place to another, till they reached Paris, with the intention of murdering the consul, in an attack to be made upon his escort by open force; and he pointed out several persons, especially inn-keepers, who were in the habit of harboring Chouans. This confession threw a broad and bright light upon the subject. The presence of Georges in Paris was a fact of the utmost possible importance: it was not for any unimportant attempt that a person so important to his party had lain concealed in the heart of Paris with a band of hirelings. The point of disembarkation at the cliff of Biville was now known; as also was the existence of a secret road through the woods, and some, at least, of the secret lodgings which gave shelter to the conspirators. A most strange accident had revealed a name which put the first consul and the police upon the track of some very important circumstances. A short time before the period of which we are writing, a party of Chouans had landed at this same cliff of Biville, and had exchanged shots with the gendarmerie: a paper wadding which was found on that occasion, was marked with the name of *Troche*. This *Troche* was a watchmaker at Eu; and he had a son, a very young man, employed as a corresponding clerk. This young man was privately arrested and conveyed to Paris, where he was examined and confessed all he knew. He confessed that it was he who had been employed to receive the conspirators at the cliff of Biville, and had guided them to the first stations at which they were to find shelter; he gave an account of those three disembarkations of which we have already spoken; viz., that of Georges in August, and those of December and January, including Pichegru, and Messrs. De Rivière and De Polignac. He was unacquainted with the name and rank of the persons to whom he had acted as guide; but he was able to say that, early in February, a fourth

disembarkation was to take place at Biville, he, in fact, being appointed to receive those who were to land.

Successive arrests were rapidly made, the first lieutenant of Georges being seized, among others, and intimidated into a confession of all he knew, or suspected. Moreau, too, was put in prison; a step which gave rise to insinuations that Napoleon wanted to get rid of a formidable rival; and these insinuations, reaching the ears of the first consul, irritated him much, and helped to tempt him into new severities. One circumstance, in the depositions of the prisoners, worked on his mind with fatal effect.

"These men, unwilling to be deemed assassins, hastened to state that they had returned to Paris in the highest company, including the first nobles of the Bourbon court, especially Messrs. De Polignac and De Rivière; and finally, they most distinctly affirmed, that they were to be headed by a prince, whose arrival they had hourly looked for; and that this prince, said to be the Duc De Berry, was to accompany the final disembarkation announced to take place in February.

"On that point the depositions were to the highest possible degree precise, full, and consistent; and the conspiracy grew terribly clear to the eyes of the first consul. He saw the Comte d'Artois and the Duc de Berry, surrounded by emigrants, connected by means of Pichegru with the republicans, and maintaining in their service a horde of mercenaries, whom they proposed to lead to his murder by means of an ambush, which they affected to look upon as an honorable and equal battle. Possessed by a kind of fury, the first consul had, now, but one wish, the seizure of that prince, who was to reach Paris from the cliff of Biville. The impassioned language in which Bonaparte frequently expressed himself against the Jacobins, subsequent to the affair of the Infernal Machine, was now bestowed exclusively upon the princes and nobles who could descend to play such a part. 'These Bourbons fancy,' he exclaimed, 'that they may shed my blood like that of some vile animal; and yet, my blood is quite as precious as theirs. I will repay them the alarm with which they seek to inspire me. I pardon Moreau the weakness and the errors to which he is urged by a stupid jealousy; but I will pitilessly shoot the very first of these princes who shall fall into my hands: I will teach them with what sort of a man they have to deal.' Such was the language to which he was constantly giving utterance during this terrible investigation. He was thoughtful, agitated, threatening; and, what was singular in him, he labored less than usual; for the time, he seemed to have entirely forgotten Boulogne, Brest, and the Texel."

Colonel Savary, with fifty picked police-soldiers, watched Biville Cliff, night and day, for weeks, but all in vain. New measures were taken.

"The first consul, shrinking from no means of attaining his end, resolved to propose a law, the nature of which will show what opinion was at that time held upon the guarantees of individual liberty, now so carefully guarded. A law was proposed to the legislative assembly, enacting that any person who should shelter Georges, Pichegru, or any one of sixty of their accomplices, who were mentioned by name, would be punished, not by imprisonment or the galleys, but by DEATH; and whoever should see them, or be aware of their

hiding-place, and yet fail to denounce them, should be punished with six years' imprisonment. This fearful law, which commanded, on pain of death, the commission of a barbarous act, was passed without opposition on the very day of its proposal."

It is honorable to the citizens of Paris, that but one of the conspirators was betrayed. This was Pichegru. Georges was discovered soon afterwards and made prisoner, after shooting one of his captors dead on the spot. His deposition tallied sadly with the circumstance which already portended the most bloody part of the catastrophe.

"Georges was taken to the prefecture of police; his first excitement over, this chieftain of conspirators had recovered the most perfect coolness. He was young and powerful: his shoulders were square, his features full, and rather mild and open than gloomy or ferocious, as they might have been supposed to be, from the part he had acted. On his person were found a dagger, pistols, and sixty thousand francs in gold and bank notes. Examined on the instant, he unhesitatingly told his name, and the object of his presence in Paris. He had arrived, he said, for the purpose of attacking the first consul, not by stealing into his palace with four assassins, but openly, by main force, and fighting in the open country against the consular guard. He was to have acted in conjunction with a French prince, who was to have joined him in France for that purpose, but who had not arrived. Georges was in some sort proud of the new character of this plot, which he with much care distinguished from an assassination. 'But,' it was remarked to him, 'you sent Saint Rêjant to Paris to prepare the Infernal Machine.'

"'I sent him,' replied Georges, 'but with no detailed instructions as to the means which he was to employ.'

"A poor explanation, which but too clearly showed that Georges had been no stranger to that horrible crime. However, on every point that concerned others than himself, this bold conspirator preserved a resolute silence, repeating that there were victims enough already, and that he would not add to their number. * * * *

"Would to Heaven that the first consul had remained contented with the means he already possessed of confounding his enemies! He could have struck awe into them, by inflicting the punishments recognized by our laws; still further, he could have overwhelmed them with confusion: for he had obtained abundance of proofs of their guilt. He had in his hands even more than was needed for his safety and reputation. But, as we have already remarked, though he, at this period, was well disposed towards the republicans, the royalists had outraged and disgusted him with their ingratitude, and he was resolved that they should feel the full weight of his power. Besides the spirit of revenge, another feeling occupied his heart—a sort of pride. He openly said to all who approached him, that he cared as little, perhaps rather less, for a Bourbon, than for a Moreau or a Pichegru; that these princes entertained a notion that they were inviolate, and that this notion led them to involve in their plots unfortunate men of all ranks, and then to shelter themselves beyond sea; that they were greatly mistaken in putting so much trust in that shelter; and that he should infallibly finish with seizing some one of them, and having him shot to death like a common malefactor; that it was requisite to let these princes feel

the sort of man whom they provoked in attacking him: that he feared no more to put a Bourbon to death, than to do the same by the merest scum of Chouannerie; that he would, ere long, show the world that all parties were on a level in his eyes; that whoever provoked him, no matter what their rank, should feel the whole weight of his hand, and that though he had hitherto been the most merciful of men, he would prove that, when roused, he could be one of the most terrible.

"No one dared urge a contradiction. The consul Lebrun was silent. So also was the consul Cambacérès; but he gave to his silence that character of disapprobation by which he usually opposed the first consul. M. Fouché, who wished to regain Napoleon's favor, and who, though generally disposed to lenity, was very anxious to embroil the government and the royalists, warmly approved the idea of making an example; and M. Talleyrand, not cruel, indeed, but incapable of opposing power, and possessed to a mischievous extent of a taste for flattering the wishes of those to whom he was attached, M. de Talleyrand, too, argued, with M. Fouché, that too much consideration had already been shown to the royalists; that the lavish kindness shown to them had even excited mischievous doubts in the minds of the revolutionists, and that the time had now come when it was necessary to punish severely, and to punish without exception. With the exception of the consul Cambacérès, every one, either tacitly or in terms, encouraged that anger which needed no encouragement to render it terrible, perhaps even cruel."

The crisis rapidly approached. Napoleon's own restless and alarmed activity furnished the last link in the chain of causes which were to prompt him to a crime.

"The first consul, annoyed at not having been able to lay hold of one of those princes who had conspired against his life, now glanced around at the various parts in which they, respectively, had found shelter. One morning, while in his study with Messrs. de Talleyrand and Fouché, he inquired about the various members of that unfortunate family, as pitiable for its errors as for its misfortunes. He was told, in reply, that Louis XVIII. and the Duc d'Angoulême lived at Warsaw; the Comte d'Artois and the Duc de Berry in London, where, also, were the princes of Condé, with the exception of the third, the youngest and most enterprising of them, the Duc D'Enghien, who lived at Ettenheim, very near Strasburg, in which neighborhood it was that Messrs. Taylor, Smith, and Drake, the English diplomatic agents, busied themselves in fomenting intrigues. The idea that that young prince might make use of the bridge of Strasburg, as the Comte d'Artois had intended to make use of Biville Cliff, suddenly flashed across the mind of the first consul; and he determined to send an intelligent sub-officer into that neighborhood to obtain information. There was a sub-officer of gendarmerie, who in his youth had served under the princes of Condé; and he now received orders to assume a disguise, and to proceed to Ettenheim to make inquiries as to the connexions of the young prince, and his way of life. The sub-officer accordingly repaired to Ettenheim. The young prince had lived there some time with a princess of Rohan, to whom he was warmly attached; and he divided his time between this attachment and enjoying the pleasures of the chase in the Black Forest. He had been directed

by the British cabinet to repair to the banks of the Rhine, no doubt in anticipation of that movement of which Messrs. Drake, Smith and Taylor had held out ill-founded hopes. This prince expected, then, that he should shortly have to fight against his country—a pitiable task to which he had for some years been accustomed; but nothing proves that he knew anything about the conspiracy of Georges: everything that is known about him tends, on the contrary, to the supposition that he was ignorant of it. He often left Ettenheim on sporting excursions, and sometimes, it was said, even to go to the theatre at Strasburg. Certain it is, that these reports had so much of probability that they induced his father to write to him from London a letter strictly cautioning him to greater prudence. In the personal suite of the young prince were certain emigrants, among them a Marquis de Thumery.

"The sub-officer who was sent to make inquiries arrived at Ettenheim in disguise, and made his way even into the very household of the prince, and obtained a whole host of particulars, from which prejudiced judgments might easily draw the most fatal inferences. The young duke was said to be very frequently absent from Ettenheim; sometimes his absence lasted for days, and his journey extended to Strasburg. A person in his suite, who was represented as of far more consequence than he really was, bore a name which the Germans, who gave these particulars to the sub-officer, mispronounced in such a way, that it sounded like that of General Dumouriez. The person in question was, in reality, the Marquis de Thumery, of whom we have already made mention; and the sub-officer, misled by the German pronunciation, quite honestly took that name to designate General Dumouriez, and this name he put into the report, written under this unfortunate mistake, and immediately despatched to Paris.

"This fatal report reached Paris on the morning of the 10th of March. On the previous evening, at night, and on the very morning in question, a no less fatal deposition had been repeatedly made by Leridant, the servant of Georges, and arrested with him. At first this young man had resisted the most pressing interrogations; but at length he spoke out with an apparently complete sincerity; declaring that there was a conspiracy, that a prince was at its head, that this prince either soon would arrive, or had arrived already; and that his own opinion inclined to the latter state of the case, as he had frequently seen, as a visiter of Georges, a young and well-dressed man, of distinguished manners, to whom all seemed to pay great respect. This deposition, repeatedly renewed, and each time with fresh details, was laid before the first consul. The report of the sub-officer of gendarmerie was presented to him at the same time; and the coincidences struck his mind with a most lamentable force. The absences of the Duc D'Enghien from Ettenheim immediately connected themselves with the pretended presence of the young Prince in Paris; and that young man, to whom all the conspirators paid so much respect, could not be a prince arrived from London, so strictly as Biville Cliff had been watched. This young man could be no other than the Duc D'Enghien, travelling from Ettenheim to Paris in eight-and-forty hours, and returning in the same space of time, after having a brief conference with his guilty accomplices."

Napoleon's decision was formed at once. It

was announced to his council, and combated, but ineffectually, by Cambacérès alone. A detachment of troops was sent to seize the Duc D'Enghien and bring him to Paris; another to present a weak apology to the Grand Duke of Baden, whose territory was to be violated. Both detachments set out five days after the meeting of the council. The prince was seized, carried to Strasburg, and thence to Paris; where, at the Charenton gate, his guarded carriage stood from noon till five o'clock on the 20th of March, 1804. It was then ordered to the castle of Vincennes. That which ensued is told by M. Thiers with a brevity not to be wondered at, when adopted by one so deeply interested in the fame of his hero. His main purpose would in no way have been promoted by particulars, tending either to show the enormity of the crime, or to excite compassion for the victim. The most curious parts of the narrative are those which describe Napoleon's own demeanor. He had passed from the alternate anxiety and rage which had at first possessed him.

"At the approach of the moment of this terrible sacrifice, the first consul desired solitude.

"On the 18th of March, Palm Sunday, he set out for Malmaison, where, better than elsewhere, he could command quietness and solitude. With the exception of the consuls, the ministers, and his brothers, he received no one. For hours together he walked about by himself, giving to his countenance an expression of calmness which he felt not in his heart. Even his inoccupation proves the agitation to which he was a prey; for during a whole week that he staid at Malmaison, he dictated scarcely a single letter—an unique instance of idleness in his active life; and yet, only a few days earlier, all the energies of his mind had been bestowed upon Brest, Boulogne, and the Texel! His wife, who, in common with all his family, was acquainted with the arrest of the prince; his wife, who, unable to help sympathizing with the Bourbons, thought with horror of the shedding of royal blood; his wife, with that foresight of the heart which is peculiar to women, perhaps anticipated that a cruel action would draw down retaliative cruelties upon her husband, her children and herself, and spoke to him several times about the prince, shedding tears as she thought of his destruction, which she feared was resolved upon, though her mind revolted from such a belief. The first consul, who somewhat prided himself upon repressing the movements of his heart, naturally so generous and kind, whatever might be said to the contrary by those who did not know him, the first consul repelled these tearful supplications, of which he feared the effect upon his resolve, and replied to Madame Bonaparte in a homely style, which he strove to render harsh: 'you are a woman, and know nothing about politics; your proper part is to hold your tongue.'

After the orders have been described, which were issued to the court-martial held at Vincennes, we are told that M. Réal, a councillor of state employed under the minister of police, had been commanded to examine the prisoner personally, and endeavor to ascertain what he knew about the conspiracy; and it is suggested that, if the interview had taken place, the innocence of the prisoner must have become evident, and the execution would not have taken place. But his own earnest request for an interview with the first consul himself was rejected by Savary, who superintended the execution; and Réal and he never met.

"The orders of the morning, to finish all during the night, were positive. A delay could only be procured by the arrival of M. Réal to interrogate the prince. M. Réal did not make his appearance; the night was far spent; day was at hand. The prince was taken down into a fosse of the château, and there, with a firmness worthy of his race, received the fire of those soldiers of the republic, whom, in the ranks of the Austrians, he had so often fought against. Melancholy reprisals of civil war! He was buried upon the very spot where he fell.

"Colonel Savary immediately set out to report to the first consul the execution of his orders.

"On the road the colonel met M. Réal on his way to question the prisoner. This councillor of state, exhausted with fatigue by the continued labor of several days and nights, had given orders to his servants not to disturb him; the order of the first consul was not placed in his hands until five o'clock in the morning; he arrived, but too late. This was not, as it has been said to be, a scheme planned to force the first consul into a crime; not at all, it was an accident, a pure accident, by which the unfortunate prince was deprived of the sole chance of saving his life, and the first consul of a happy opportunity of saving his glory from a stain. A deplorable consequence of violating the ordinary forms of justice! When these forms, invented by the experience of ages to guard human life against the mistakes of judges, when these sacred forms are violated, men are at the mercy of chance, of mere trifles! The lives of accused people, and the honor of governments, are then sometimes dependent upon the most fortuitous coincidences! No doubt, the first consul had formed his resolve; but he was much agitated; and could the voice of the unfortunate Condé, appealing for life, have reached his ear, that cry would not have been uttered in vain: he would have yielded, and proudly yielded, to his gentler feelings.

"Colonel Savary arrived at Malmaison in a state of great emotion. His presence gave rise to a painful scene. Madame Bonaparte guessed all as soon as she saw him, and burst into tears; and M. de Caulaincourt, in accents of despair, exclaimed that he was dishonored. Colonel Savary proceeded to the first consul's study, found him alone with M. de Meneval, and gave him an account of what had taken place at Vincennes. The first consul asked, 'Did M. Réal see the prisoner?' Colonel Savary had scarcely answered in the negative when M. Réal made his appearance, and tremblingly apologized for the non-execution of the orders he had received. Without expressing either approbation or anger, the first consul dismissed these instruments of his will, went into an apartment of his library, and shut himself up in solitude there for several hours.

"In the evening, there was a family dinner at Malmaison: all wore serious and saddened countenances, and no one ventured to speak, the first consul himself being as silent as the rest. This silence at length became embarrassing; and, on rising from the table, the first consul himself broke it, addressing himself exclusively to M. de Fontanes, who had just arrived. He was alarmed at the event which was noised throughout Paris; but he could not express his feelings where he now was. He listened chiefly, and replied but little. The first consul, speaking almost without interruption, and endeavoring to make up for the silence of his company, discoursed upon the princes of all

times, upon the Roman emperors, upon the French kings, upon Tacitus, and the judgments of that historian, and upon the cruelties which were frequently attributed to the rulers of states, when these, in fact, only yielded to inevitable necessities. Having by this circuitous route approached the tragical subject of the day, he said:—

"They wish to destroy the Revolution in attacking my person. I will defend it, for I, I, I am the Revolution. They will be more cautious in future; for they will know of *what we are capable*."

We cannot quote more than one paragraph of the historian's closing remarks on this bloody story. Nothing can be more instructively true than the moral drawn from it. The perpetrator of the crime was punished for its commission, even in the progress of the design to which it was to have been subservient. Nothing he had ever done was so effectual in precipitating the new coalition against him.

"None were satisfied with what had been done at Vincennes, save those hot revolutionists, whose senseless rule the first consul had brought to an end, and who now saw him in a single day reduced almost to their level. None of them any longer feared that General Bonaparte would act for the Bourbons.

"Sad proof of the frailty of the human mind! This extraordinary man, of so great and accurate an intellect, and of so generous a heart, had lately been so stern in his judgment of the revolutionists and their excesses! He had pronounced upon their frenzy without qualification, and sometimes even without justice. He had bitterly reproached them with having shed the blood of Louis XVI., disgraced the revolution, and irreconcilably embroiled France with Europe! Then he judged calmly; and now, his passions being excited, he had in a single instant paralleled the deed committed upon the person of Louis XVI., and had placed himself in a state of moral opposition to Europe, which speedily rendered a general war inevitable, and compelled him to go in search of peace—a magnificent peace, it is true—to Tilsit, to the other end of Europe! How well calculated are such contrasts to rebuke human pride of intellect, and to prove that the most transcendent genius is not safe from the most vulgar errors, if, even for a single instant, it is deprived of self-control and swayed by passion."

The investigation, which terminated so foully, had called away Napoleon for a time, and its issue for a time averted the eyes of Europe, from an undertaking of his which, had it been executed, (whether finally successful or not,) would have been the very greatest of all his military achievements. We allude to his projected invasion of England. Our countrymen, at the time, although they prepared themselves manfully to meet the attack, if it should be made, could hardly believe that the design was seriously entertained. There can, however, be no doubt that it was; and it is just as clear that the purpose was within an ace of being accomplished. The reasons for undertaking this bold adventure are well and fairly set forth by M. Thiers.

"It would have been a difficult task, even for the ablest and the most firmly established government, to maintain a conflict with England. It was easy, it is true, for the first consul to screen himself from her blows; but it was just as easy for England to screen herself from him. England and

France had conquered a nearly equal empire, the former at sea, the latter on land. Hostilities having commenced, England was about to unfurl her flag in both hemispheres, to take some Dutch and Spanish colonies; perhaps, but with more difficulty, some French colonies. She was about to interdict navigation to all nations, and to arrogate it to herself exclusively; but, unaided, she could do no more. The appearance of English troops on the continent would but have brought upon her a disaster similar to that of the Helder in 1799. France, on her part, could, either by force or by influence, forbid England access to the coasts of Europe from Copenhagen to Venice, confine her intercourse to the shores of the Baltic alone, and oblige her to bring down from the Pole the colonial produce, of which, during the war, she would be the sole depository. But, in this struggle of two great powers, who ruled each on one of the two elements, without having the means of quitting them to grapple one another, it was to be feared that they would be restricted to threatening without striking; and that the world, trampled upon by them, would finally rebel against one or the other, for the purpose of withdrawing itself from the consequences of this tremendous quarrel. In such a situation, success must belong to that which should contrive to get out of the element in which it reigned, to reach its rival; and, if that effort proved impossible, to that which should find means to render its cause so popular in the world, as to gain it over to its side. It was difficult for both to attach nations to themselves. For England, in order to arrogate to herself the monopoly of commerce, was obliged to harass neutrals; and France, in order to close the continent against the commerce of England, was obliged to do violence to all the powers of Europe. To conquer England, therefore, it was requisite to solve one of these problems: either to cross the channel and march to London, or to sway the continent, and to oblige it, either by force or policy, to refuse all British commodities; to realize, in short, an invasion or a continental blockade. We shall see, in the course of this history, by what series of events Napoleon was gradually led from the first of these enterprises to the second; by what a concatenation of prodigies he at first approached his aim so as nearly to attain it; by what a combination of faults and misfortunes, he was afterwards hurried away from it, and finally fell. Happily, before reaching that deplorable term, France had achieved such things, that a nation which Providence permits to accomplish them remains forever glorious, and perhaps the greatest of nations.

"Such were the proportions which this war between France and Great Britain must inevitably take. It had been from 1792 to 1801 the struggle of the democratic principle against the aristocratic principle; without ceasing to have this character, it was about to become, under Napoleon, the struggle of one element against another, with much more difficulty for us than for the English; for the whole continent, out of detestation to the French revolution, out of jealousy of our power, must hate France much more heartily than the neutrals hated England.

"With his keen glance, the first consul soon perceived the drift of this war; and he took his resolution without hesitating. He formed the plan of crossing the Strait of Calais with an army, and putting an end to the rivalry of the two nations in London itself. We shall find him for

three successive years applying all his faculties to this prodigious enterprise, and remaining calm, confident, even happy; so full of hope was he in anticipation of an attempt, which must either lead to his becoming absolute master of the world, or bury himself, his army, his glory, in the depths of the ocean."

But, though the invasion, if successful, would have put an end to the war at once, the obstacles in its way would, for any other man, have been insurmountable. He was too wise to attack England with any force, short of that which was sufficient to make him, temporarily at least, master of the provinces in which he should first land. The transport of an army so large was a tremendous undertaking.

"It is a vast and difficult operation to carry beyond sea twenty or thirty thousand men only. The expedition to Egypt, executed fifty years ago, the expedition against Algiers, executed in our days, are proofs of this. What an undertaking it must be to embark 150,000 soldiers, ten or fifteen thousand horses, three or four thousand pieces of cannon and their carriages! A ship of the line can carry on an average six or seven hundred men, in case the passage takes some days; a large frigate can contain half the number. For embarking such an army, there would of course be required 200 sail of the line, that is to say, a chimerical naval force, which nothing but the concurrence of France and England in the same object could render barely conceivable. An attempt to throw 150,000 men into England, if England had been at the distance of Egypt or the Morea, would consequently have been an impracticable undertaking. But there was only the Strait of Calais to cross, that is to say, only eight or ten leagues to go. There was no necessity for employing large ships for such a passage. Neither could they have been employed, if one had had them, for there is not a single port capable of admitting them from Ostend to Havre; neither is there, without going far out of the way, a single port on the other side where they could effect a landing. The idea of small vessels, considering the passage and the nature of the ports, had therefore at all times occurred to all minds. Besides, these small vessels were adequate to such marine circumstances as were liable to be met with. Long observations made on the coast had led to the discovery of these circumstances, and to the determination of the vessels best adapted to the purpose. In summer, for instance, there are in the Channel almost absolute calms, and long enough to enable one to reckon upon forty-eight hours of the same weather. It would take about that number of hours, not to cross, but for the immense flotilla in question to work out of harbor. During this calm, the English cruisers being condemned to lie motionless, vessels built to go either with oars or sails might pass with impunity even before an enemy's squadron. Winter had also its favorable moments. The dense fogs of the cold season, being attended with no wind, or scarcely any, offered another chance of crossing in presence of an enemy's force, either immovable or deceived by the fog. There was still a third favorable occasion, namely, that offered by the equinoxes. It frequently happens that, after equinoctial storms, the wind suddenly subsides, and leaves sufficient time for crossing the strait, before the return of the enemy's squadron, which is obliged by the gale to stand off. Such were the circumstances

universally fixed upon by the seamen living on the coast of the Channel.

"There was one case, in which, in all seasons and in any weather, excepting a tempest, one might always cross the strait: it was when a strong squadron of the line could be brought for a few hours by skilful manœuvres into the Channel. Then the flotilla, protected by this squadron, could sail without being uneasy about the enemy's cruisers.

"But the case of a great French squadron brought between Calais and Dover depended on such difficult combinations, that it could not be at all reckoned upon. It was requisite even, to build the transport flotilla in such a fashion, that it might, to appearance at least, dispense with any auxiliary force; for if it had been demonstrated by its construction that it was impossible for it to keep the sea without an assisting squadron, the secret of this great operation would have been immediately revealed to the enemy. Aware of this, they would have concentrated all their naval forces in the strait, and prevented every manœuvre of French squadrons for the purpose of getting thither."

Indeed, although the history does not yet carry us down so far, we shall learn, hereafter, that it was on the last of these projects that Napoleon really relied; and that all his naval manœuvres were long directed to the one object, of gaining the command of the Straits of Dover for the French fleet, under cover of which the flotilla of Boulogne might cross to the shores of Kent.

Small armed vessels, of three kinds, were built everywhere, in France, and in the neighboring countries which were then at her disposal. All of them were flat bottomed, that they might be floated down rivers to the sea, and carried close along the defended coast, so as to be beyond the reach of the English cruisers.

"These three species of vessels were to be collected to the number of twelve or fifteen hundred. They were to carry at least three thousand pieces of cannon of large calibre, besides a great number of pieces of small dimension—that is to say, discharge as many projectiles as the strongest squadron. Their fire was dangerous, because it was horizontal, and directed so as to take effect between wind and water. When engaged with large ships, they presented a mark difficult to hit, and, on the contrary, fired at a mark which they could scarcely miss. They could move about, divide, and surround the enemy. But if they had the advantages of division, they had also its inconveniences. The order to be introduced into this moving and prodigiously numerous mass was an extremely difficult problem, in the solution of which Admiral Bruix and Napoleon were incessantly engaged for three years. We shall see by and by to what a degree of precision in the manœuvres they contrived to attain, and to what point the problem was resolved by them.

"What effect would have been produced by a squadron of large ships, dashing in full sail through this mass of small craft, running down, upsetting all before them, sinking those struck by their balls, but surrounded in their turn by this swarm of enemies, receiving on all sides a dangerous fire of artillery, assailed by the musketry of a hundred thousand infantry, and perhaps boarded by intrepid soldiers, trained to the manœuvre! It is impossible to say; for one cannot form any idea of so strange a scene, without any known antecedent,

capable of assisting the mind to foresee the different chances. Admiral Decrès, a man of superior intelligence, but disposed to find fault, admitted that, by sacrificing a hundred vessels and ten thousand men, one might probably get over an encounter with an enemy's squadron, and cross the strait. 'One loses them every day in battle,' replied the first consul; 'and what battle ever promised the results which a landing in England authorizes us to hope for?'"

Boulogne was fixed upon as the central station of the flotilla. Thither the vessels were gathered as built; and the port, and those of two neighboring bays, were enlarged and improved for their reception. These operations were performed by the soldiery, who were encamped about Boulogne; and who, encouraged by additional pay as well as by the enthusiastic hope of new and mightier triumphs, labored with the same alacrity as did all who were engaged in the vast preparations. Daring attempts were incessantly made, by the English cruisers, to destroy the vessels of the flotilla, either as they lay in harbor, or in their passage along the coast. Many brave actions were fought; but no serious damage was done to the French boats. Extensive works were erected to defend the port and anchorage of Boulogne; and these also were constantly attacked, in their progress, by the English sailors.

"Their cruisers, consisting in general of about twenty vessels, three or four of them seventy-fours, five or six frigates, ten or twelve brigs and cutters, and a certain number of gun-boats, kept up an incessant fire upon our workmen. Their balls, passing over the cliff, fell in the harbor and the camps. Though their projectiles had done very little damage, still this firing was extremely annoying, and, when a great number of boats were crowded together, might cause great mischief, perhaps even a conflagration. One night even, the English, advancing most daringly in their pinnares, surprised the workshops in which the materials for the construction of the wooden fort were preparing, cut in pieces the machines used for driving piles, and did as much mischief to the works as it took several days to repair. The first consul was greatly irritated at this attempt, and issued fresh orders for preventing the like in future. Armed boats, relieving one another like sentries, were to pass the night around the works. The workmen, encouraged, piqued in their honor, like soldiers whom one is leading against an enemy, were induced to work in presence of the English ships, and under the fire of their artillery. It was at low water only that the works could be prosecuted. When the heads of the piles were left sufficiently uncovered, by the water, for driving, the men fell to before the tide was out, and continued, while it was returning, up to the middle in water, singing as they worked, while the balls of the English were flying around them. The first consul, however, with his inexhaustible fertility of invention, contrived new precautions to keep off the enemy. He caused experiments to be made on the coast, to ascertain the range of heavy cannon, fired at an angle of forty-five degrees, nearly as mortars are fired. The experiment succeeded: twenty-four-pound balls were projected to the distance of 2300 fathoms, and the English were obliged to keep at that distance. He did still more: thinking incessantly on the same subject, he first devised an instrument which, at this day, occasions frightful ravages, and which appears

destined to produce powerful effects in maritime warfare—hollow projectiles employed against shipping. He ordered large shells to be fired at the vessels. These, bursting in the timber-work or the sails, could not fail to produce fatal breaches in the hull, or large rents in the rigging. It is with projectiles which burst, he wrote, that timber must be attacked. It is not easy to introduce anything new, especially where there are old habits to be overcome; and he had to repeat frequently the same instructions. When the English, instead of those solid balls, which dash like lightning through everything before them, but limit their ravages to their own diameter, beheld a projectile having, it is true, less impulsion, but which explodes like a mine, either in the hull of the ship, or on the heads of her defenders, they were surprised, and kept at a great distance. Lastly, to obtain still more security, the first consul devised an expedient not less ingenious. He conceived the idea of establishing sub-marine batteries; that is to say, he had batteries of heavy cannon and large mortars placed at low-water mark, which were covered by the sea at high-water, and left uncovered at ebb-tide. It cost great trouble to secure the platforms on which the pieces rested, so as to prevent them from sinking into the sand, or being buried by it. This was accomplished, however; and at ebb-tide, which was the time for work, when the English approached to disturb the men, they were received with discharges of artillery, poured all at once from the low-water line; so that the fire advanced or receded, in a manner, with the sea itself. These batteries were employed only while the forts were building; as soon as they were finished they became useless."

Before the end of December, 1803, nearly a thousand vessels, of one sort or another, were collected in and about the harbor of Boulogne. The troops destined for the expedition were in camp at the same place; and the work of training went on with steadiness and success.

"Particular care was taken to produce complete harmony between the seamen and the soldiers, by the constant appropriation of the same vessels to the same troops. The dimensions of the gun-brigs and gun-boats had been calculated for them to carry a company of infantry, besides some artillery. This was the element employed to determine the general organization of the flotilla. The battalions were then composed of nine companies; the demi-brigades of two war battalions, the third remaining at the depot. The gun-brigs and gun-boats were arranged in conformity with this composition of the troops. Nine brigs or boats formed a section, and carried nine companies, or one battalion. Two sections formed a division, and carried a demi-brigade. Thus the boat or brig answered to the company, the section answered to the battalion, the division to the demi-brigade. Naval officers of corresponding rank commanded the boat, the section, the division. To produce a perfect coherence of the troops with the flotilla, each division was appropriated to a demi-brigade, each section to a battalion, each brig or boat to a company; and this appropriation, once made, was invariable. Thus the troops were always to keep the same vessel, and to attach themselves to it, as a rider attaches himself to his horse. Land and sea officers, soldiers and sailors, would by these means learn to know and to have confidence in one another, and be the more disposed to render each other mutual assistance. Each company was to

furnish the vessel belonging to it with a garrison of twenty-five men, forming a fourth of the company, always on board. These twenty-five men, forming a fourth of the company, remained on board about a month. During this time, they lodged in the vessel with the crew, whether the vessel went to sea to manœuvre or lay in harbor. There they did all that the sailors themselves did, assisted in working the vessel, and exercised themselves in particular in the management of the oars and in firing the cannon. When they had passed a month in this kind of life, they were succeeded by twenty-five other soldiers of the same company, who came to devote themselves for the same space of time to nautical exercises. Thus the whole company in succession took its turn on board the brigs or boats. Each man, therefore, was alternately land soldier, sea soldier, artilleryman, sailor, and even laboring engineer, in consequence of the works carrying on in the basins. The sailors likewise took part in this reciprocal training. They had infantry arms on board; and, when they were in port, they performed the infantry exercise in the day-time on the quay. They formed consequently an accession of 15,000 foot-soldiers, who, after the landing in England, would be capable of defending the flotilla along the coasts where it would be lying aground. By giving them a reinforcement of about 10,000 men, they might await with impunity on the shore the victories of the invading army. * * *

"After incessantly repeated exercises, all these manœuvres came to be executed with equal promptness and precision. Every day, in all weathers, unless it blew a storm, from 100 to 150 boats went out to manœuvre, or to anchor in the road before the enemy. The operation of sham landing along the cliffs was performed. The men first exercised themselves in sweeping the shore by a steady fire of artillery, then in approaching the beach, and landing men, horses, and cannon. Frequently, when the boats could not get close to the shore, the men were thrown into the water where it was five or six feet deep. None were ever drowned, such was the dexterity and ardor which they displayed. Sometimes even the horses were landed in the same manner. They were let down into the sea, and men in small boats directed them with a halter towards the shore. In this manner, there was not an accident that could happen in landing on an enemy's coast but was provided against and several times braved, with the addition of all the difficulties which could be thought of, even those of night, excepting, however, the difficulty of the fire; but that would rather be a stimulant than an obstacle for these soldiers, the bravest in the world by nature and by the habit of war.

"This variety of land and sea exercises, these manœuvres intermixed with hard labor, interested these adventurous soldiers, full of imagination and ambition, like their illustrious chief. With considerably better fare, thanks to the earnings of their labor, added to their pay, continual activity, the keenest and most salubrious air, all this could not but give them extraordinary physical strength. The hope of performing a prodigy added a moral force equally great. Thus was gradually trained that incomparable army, which was destined to achieve the conquest of the continent in two years.

"The first consul spent great part of his time among them. He was filled with confidence, when he saw them so disposed, so alert, so animated with his own feelings. They in their turn received

continual excitement from his presence. They saw him on horseback, sometimes on the top of the cliffs, sometimes at their feet, galloping over the sands, left smooth and hard by the receding tide, going in that manner by the strand from one port to another; sometimes on board light pinaces, going to be present at petty skirmishes between our gun-boats and the English cruisers, pushing them upon the enemy, till he had made their cutters and frigates fall back by the fire of our frail vessels. Frequently he persisted in braving the sea; and once, having determined to visit the anchorage, in spite of a violent gale, the boat, in which he was returning, sunk not far from the shore. Luckily the men had footing. The sailors threw themselves into the sea, and, forming a close group to withstand the waves, carried him on their shoulders through the billows breaking over their heads.

"One day, passing over the beach in this manner, he was animated by the sight of the coasts of England, and wrote the following lines to Cambacérès, the consul: 'I have passed these three days amidst the camp and the port. From the heights of Ambleteuse I have seen the coast of England, as one sees Calvary from the Tuilleries. One could distinguish the houses and the bustle. It is a ditch that shall be leaped when one is daring enough to try.'

"His impatience to execute this great enterprize was extreme. He had at first thought of the conclusion of autumn; now he was for deferring it till the beginning, or, at latest, the middle, of winter. But the labor was evidently increasing; and, some new improvement daily occurring either to him or to Admiral Bruix, he sacrificed time in order to introduce it. The drilling of the soldiers and sailors was rendered more perfect by these inevitable delays, which thus brought along with them their own compensation. The projected expedition might, indeed, have been attempted after these eight months' apprenticeship: but it would require six more, if one were to wait till everything was ready, till the equipping and arming were completed, till the training of the landsmen and seamen left nothing more to be desired.

"But decisive considerations commanded a new delay."

The concentration of the fleets was still unaccomplished; and without having effected this, the condition which he relied on for securing his passage across the straits, the first consul was too prudent to move.

"A last condition of success was yet left to be secured; and this condition the first consul considered equivalent to a certainty of the accomplishment of his enterprize. These vessels, now tried, were quite capable of crossing a strait ten leagues wide; since most of them had had one hundred or two hundred leagues to go to reach Boulogne, and had frequently by their scattered and horizontal fire replied with advantage to the downward and concentrated fire of the ships. They had a chance of passing, without being seen or attacked, either in the calms of summer or in the fogs of winter; and, under the most unfavorable supposition, if they were to fall in with the twenty-five or thirty cutters, brigs, and frigates which the English had cruising, they must pass, were it necessary to sacrifice a hundred brigs or boats of the two thousand three hundred composing the flotilla. But there was a case which appeared to be exempted from every

unlucky chance; namely, when a strong French squadron, appearing suddenly in the Strait, should drive the English cruisers from it, keep possession of the channel for two or three days, and cover the passage of our flotilla. With this case, there could exist no doubt: all the objections raised against the enterprize fell at once, excepting that of an unforeseen storm, an improbable chance if the season were judiciously chosen, and, moreover, at all times wholly beyond the reach of calculation. But it was requisite that the third of the squadrons of ships of the line, that of Toulon, should be completely equipped; and it was not so. The first consul destined it to execute a grand combination, the secret of which he communicated to none, not even to his minister of the interior. This combination he matured by degrees, saying not a word about it to anybody, and leaving the English under the impression that the flotilla was to act independently, since it was armed so completely, and brought forward every day against frigates and ships of the line.

"This man, so daring in his conceptions, was the most prudent of captains in the execution. Though he had 120,000 men assembled at his disposal, he would not stir without the coöperation of the Texel fleet carrying 20,000 men, without the Brest fleet carrying 18,000, without the fleets of La Rochelle, Ferrol, and Toulon, charged to clear the Strait by a profound manœuvre. He was anxious to have all these means ready for February, 1804, and flattered himself that he should; when important events in the interior of the republic suddenly withdrew his attention for a moment from a great enterprize, on which the eyes of the whole world were fixed. * * * *

"Neither of the two nations suspected the existence of other preparations than those which were publicly and even ostentatiously made. The English, imagining that Brest and Toulon were strictly blockaded, did not dream that a squadron might suddenly make its appearance in the Channel. The French, daily exercised in manœuvring their gun-boats, were, on the other hand, accustomed to look upon them as the sole means of crossing the Strait. No one suspected the existence of what was, in truth, the most important of the first consul's plan; though some hoped in France, and some feared in England, some new and sudden invention of his daring and fertile genius, and confidence and anxiety were thus, to a very high degree, excited on either side of the Channel."

The youngest among us have heard, from our fathers, how men's blood was stirred in that eventful time; and how anxiety, and courage, and warlike preparations, ran like wildfire through the whole country: and many are still alive whose heads, now gray or bald, were then covered with the military cap, and whose arms, now feeble, were trained to use the musket and the bayonet, in defence of our hearths and altars. What would have been the issue had the passage of the Straits been effected? Our surviving volunteers will not feel themselves much flattered by the answer which is given the question, by the historian of our ancient enemy.

"It must be confessed that, supposing us fairly across the Channel, the preparations made to resist us were not very formidable. Supposing that, between the Channel and London, there could be concentrated 50,000 troops of the line, and from thirty to forty thousand of the army of reserve, and any conceivable number of volunteers added to

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them, the force thus formed would, even in actual numbers, have fallen short of the French army that was to cross the Straits. But even supposing the English force to be numerically twice or thrice as great as it was, what would such a force avail against the 150,000 veterans, who, in eighteen months, led by Napoleon, combated and beat the armies of entire Europe, at Austerlitz, at Jena, and at Friedland; veterans, apparently equal to the English in courage, certainly more skilled and practised in warfare, and four or five times more numerous! The land force of England, then, was, in reality, very insufficient; and her chief protection was the ocean still. In any event, whatever might be the final result, the conduct of the English government was already signally punished, by the general agitation of all ranks of the people, by the enforced withdrawal of the working classes from their labor, the merchants from their business, and the nobility and gentry from their leisure and their pastimes. The duration of such an agitation for any considerable period would in itself be a great calamity, and might convulse the social system."

But neither then, nor afterwards, was the bloody issue tried. The destruction of Napoleon's naval resources deranged his plan as originally constructed; the new coalition carried his armies again into the heart of the continent; and new obstacles intervened when the design was anew taken up, of humbling the nation whose persevering enmity had so often snatched from his grasp the sceptre of universal European sovereignty.

The next volume of the work will possess magnificent materials for history. It will describe the last steps in Napoleon's rise to the imperial throne. It will relate what happened on the bloody field of Austerlitz, and upon the Spanish seas off Cape Trafalgar.

LITHOGRAPHIC PRINTING PRESS—Hitherto all attempts to apply to lithography the principle of machinery, introduced in typographic printing about twenty years ago, have been unsuccessful, as it was found impossible to obtain by a machine-press the same precision and regularity of pressure as by the common hand-press. M. Nicolle has not only made a machine so perfect as to give impressions as good as those obtained by hand;—he has gone further, for the impressions thrown off by his machine are superior to those obtained by the ordinary process now in use, whilst in point of rapidity the improvement is so great as to be almost incredible. By the common lithographic process, not more than from 200 to 250 good impressions of designs, or about 1000 copies of lithographic writing can be obtained in twelve hours; by this new machine, which is also worked by hand, as many as 2000 of the former and 20,000 of the latter can be obtained within the same period of time. The machine occupies but a small space, the ink-rollers are so arranged that the supply as they pass over the stone is regularly distributed, the paper is laid upon the stone by the machinery, and, when printed, thrown off without having any person to lay on and take off, and thus the expense of working is reduced at the same time that the products are so greatly multiplied. The most extraordinary part of the machine, however, is that which provides for the wetting of the stone for each impression. By the ordinary system, the printer is compelled after every impression to

moisten the stone with a wet sponge. This is an operation that requires great care, but which, notwithstanding, gradually affects the drawing, and before a thousand copies are taken off the delicacy of the outlines is almost destroyed. M. Nicolle has imagined a means of wetting the stone, which, to use a French expression, "tient au merveilleux." With a force-pump of his own invention, and by three or four strokes of the piston, he extracts the moisture from the atmosphere, and throws it upon the stone in the form of fine dew, so that the application of the hand is avoided, and there is great economy of time. This pump is fixed over the stone, and the piston is rapidly worked by the machine. When we were present, this apparatus was not quite completed, and was not, therefore, attached to the machine; but we saw the pump at work by the hand, and could have no reasonable doubt of its perfect success when affixed to the machinery. The air of the printing-room would necessarily soon lose its moisture by the repeated application of the exhausting process; but the moisture may easily be kept up by the simple use of a small charcoal stove and an evaporating dish filled with water. M. Nicolle has patents in France and in England for his invention.—*Athenæum*.

THE STEPMOTHER.

BY DR. JOHN B. M'CABE.

THEY tell me I am motherless! they say my mother died
When I was but an infant child, and that I sobbed and cried.
They tell me too, that she who sets me often on her knee;
Is not my mother—yet she is a mother kind to me.
Her face is very saintly calm, her eye is very mild—
She kisses me full oft, and says, I am "her pretty child!"
And often, when she thinks I sleep, her soft hand pale and fair,
Is laid upon my infant brow, and then she breathes a prayer.
When sickness o'er my frame has spent its very weakening powers,
She pulls for me, and brings them in, spring's earliest, sweetest flowers—
And when my racking fevers rise, and soothing draughts I'd sip,
She gently raises up my head, and cools my parching lip.
And when she sees that slumber's veil is gathering o'er my eye,
She pats my cheek, and sings to me the soothing lullaby.
And O! I dream so sweetly then, of angels' visits here,
And wake and find it true—for she, sweet one, is hovering near.
And when I get my little books, she teaches me to spell,
Till words so difficult to call I learn so very well—
And then she sweetly kisses me, and smooths each straggling curl;
And makes me love her when she says, "You are my own sweet girl."
Mother, I love her! from thy home 'mid heaven's eternal rest,

Where tears of anguish never fall, nor sorrows
 heave the breast,
 I know thou 'lt smile to see thy child hath found a
 mother's love,
 In one whose dove-like spirit shall mingle with
 thine above.

THE two pieces which follow are translations of the same original. For ourselves we prefer the first, which was one of a series of a similar kind, which appeared a few years since in *Blackwood*. The second we picked up accidentally the other day; and we insert the two now, side by side, as specimens of the working of different minds over the same subject. They are from the German, by Schiller.—ED. CHRIS. WORLD.

THE LONGING.

From out this dim and gloomy hollow,
 Where hang the cold clouds heavily,
 Could I but gain the clue to follow,
 How blessed would the journey be!
 Aloft I see a fair dominion,
 Through time and change all vernal still:
 But where the power, and what the pinion,
 To gain the ever-blooming hill!

Afar I hear the music ringing,
 The lulling sounds of heaven repose,
 And the light gales are downward bringing
 The sweets of flowers the mountain knows.
 I see the fruit all golden glowing,
 Beckon the glossy leaves between;
 And o'er the blooms that there are blowing,
 Nor blight, nor winter's wrath hath been.

To suns that shine forever yonder,
 O'er fields that fade not, sweet to flee:
 The very winds that there may wander,
 How healing must their breathing be!
 But lo! between us rolls a river,
 A death in every billow raves;
 I feel the soul within me shiver,
 To gaze upon the gloomy waves.

A rocking boat mine eyes discover,
 But, woe is me! the pilot fails!
 In, boldly in! undaunted rover!
 And trust the life that swells the sails.
 Thou must *believe*, and thou must *venture*,
 In fearless faith thy safety dwells:
 By miracles, alone, men enter
 The glorious land of miracles!

YEARNING FOR WONDERLAND.

Ah! that I could wing my way
 Through earth's valley—deep and dreary—
 Ah! that I could float all day,
 Pinions never tired or weary,
 O'er the everlasting hills,
 And the ever gushing rills,
 Where come blight and sorrow never,
 Ever green and youthful ever!

Where heaven's harmonies resound,
 Holy Peace forever singing;
 Where light Zephyr sports around,
 Odors from the flower-buds wringing;
 Through the trees' dark foliage dancing—
 O'er the fruit all golden glancing—
 By no wintry blast affrighted—
 Kissing the soft flowers delighted:

Flowers that never lose the sun;
 Never close the laughing eye;
 With existence never done;
 Know not what it is to die!

Woe is me! what rolls between?
 'Tis a rapid river rushing—
 'Tis the stream of death, I ween,
 Wildly tossing, hoarsely gushing;
 While my very heart-strings quiver
 At the roar of that dread river!

But I see a little boat
 The rough waters gently riding;
 How can she so fearless float?
 For I see no pilot guiding.
 Courage!—on! there's no retreating;
 Sails are spread in friendly greeting.
 On, then, on!—in love we trust!
 The white-armed sails a message bear:
 "There are wonders everywhere:
 The wondrous faith wherein you stand
 Must bear you to the Wonderland!"

JEWS.—Last month, was held, at Frankfort, a congress of Rabbins—composed of seventy-seven members, representing nearly all the great Hebrew communities of Germany—for the purpose of agreeing upon the expurgation from the Judaic worship of those ceremonials and customs which are no longer in harmony with the spirit and manners of the age. We mention the meeting, both as important in itself—an example to other communities than those of the Jews—and that we may have the pleasure of recording the progress of religious tolerance, as exhibited in the enlightened courtesy and respect paid to the members of the congress, in one of the strongholds of the ancient prejudice against the Hebrew. The Singing Association, composed entirely of Christians, gave a musical festival in their honor, in the garden of their hotel:—most of the senators, and a great number of the magistrates and other functionaries, took part in the banquet offered to the Rabbins by the consistory:—and the directory of the Grand Theatre produced, for the occasion, Lessing's *Nathan the Wise*—placing their best boxes at the disposition of the congress.

From Prague, we hear of the death, at the age of seventy-seven, of the Hebrew merchant, Maurice Zedekauer—a man whose title to a record in pages like ours, consists, not in the princely fortune which was the work of his own honorable toil, but in the noble use which he made of it. Fifty years ago, M. Zedekauer came, penniless, to Prague; and he has left behind him seven millions of florins—700,000*l*. In his lifetime, he devoted the larger part of his immense revenues to the encouragement of science, art and national industry, and to the relief of the indigent, without distinction of religion or race; and, by his will, he has bequeathed three million of florins—300,000*l*.—amongst the benevolent institutions of all the principal cities of Bohemia. He was followed to the cemetery of his nation, by men of all ranks and beliefs—the poor, of course—the civil and military authorities of the capital—all its distinguished men—and, it is very pleasant to add, many clergymen of various Christian sects. Everywhere, the spirit is passing into dishonor, which would once have "spit upon the Jewish gabardine," or trampled on the grave of a man like this.

CHAPTER VIII.

Her painful interview with Fanny Jeffkins, and the sad and strange history which that poor and unhappy girl had told her, hung like a dark cloud over the mind of Agnes Lawford, as the next morning she journeyed towards her new home. The pain of parting from her mother, and leaving her own home forever, was mingled with sympathy for her poor humble—*friend*, we were going to say, and friend it shall be, for Agnes was never more her friend than at this moment. The belief that Fanny had really, like the repentant prodigal, gone to her father, was the one cheering ray that brightened the otherwise dark subject. That voice of agony pleading with her, "Be a friend to my child, and keep my secret from all the world!" rung in her ears and in her heart; and determining with herself to wait patiently, and see what circumstances might bring forward, she prayed earnestly, though wordlessly, for help from God, and ability to do that which was best, whatever the duty might be. In this spirit she journeyed on to Leicester, where her uncle's carriage met her, together with that very Mrs. Sykes, of whom poor Fanny Jeffkins had told her. Mrs. Sykes informed her, that her lady was gone out that morning, to make calls with Miss Ada, who was going from home in a day or two on a long visit, and therefore she was sent to meet her. It did not seem a very cordial welcoming of her among them, Agnes thought, and the thought depressed her.

And now, while with a dejected and anxious heart, poor Agnes is making the last ten miles of her journey, let us say a few words to the reader on the exact state of the family, which, at this moment, we understand better than he does.

The father had been now for some years a gouty invalid, who rarely left the house. His sister Colville fancied that she saw in him traces of an impaired intellect; but in that she was mistaken. It is true, however, that the more active management of his affairs had now been, for some time, in the hands of his eldest son, that Tom Lawford, of whom we have heard something already: still that argued nothing against the sound state of his mind, however infirm his health might be. His sister Colville, who, since the death of her husband, the learned archdeacon, and of his wife, had resided with him, had taken upon herself the whole internal domestic management, as was sure to be the case wherever she came. Many infirmities, however, he had notwithstanding, which made him willing to yield up the reins of government to any one capable of managing them. Poor man, he required now also much and constant personal attention, and that of a kind which his valet could not give. As he had grown older, he had become much fonder, not of reading, but of listening to books; he extremely disliked being left alone; he wished always to have some one with him, his daughter Ada, or Mrs. Colville; but they had no time to spare: and so he fretted and grew peevish, and was a trouble to himself and those about him. And thus his family, who had their own pleasures, and their own occupations, were too busy to have any time for him, and were willing enough to escape from his irritability, and frequent ill-humor.

Mr. Lawford now, as in his younger years he had always done, considered his sister Colville the cleverest of women. Right glad was he therefore,

after the death of his wife, that she should take up her abode with him, and thus be the most desirable chaperon in the world for his, at that time, two unmarried daughters. All that "sister Camilla" had done in former years for "poor Adolphus," who now was dead and gone, without the world knowing much of his deficiencies, remained in his mind as a debt which the whole family owed to her. She had been a mother to Adolphus; and now, it was with no little gratification that he heard her speak of herself as the mother of his children. As a mother, she had already been looking out in the world for suitable settlements and alliances for them.

The Lawfords, however, were not alone the objects of the diplomatic lady's ambition; the Colvilles were so likewise: for if she was a Lawford by birth, she had become a Colville by marriage; and though she had no children of her own, the large family of younger brothers and sisters of her husband had, ever since her marriage, been objects of her care. All had, one after another, been well settled and well disposed of long ago,—all, excepting the youngest of the family, Sam, who had been brought up to the church, and had now been his father's curate for some years. The squire, too, had a son, his second son, Edward, who was destined to the church from his infancy, the appointed future rector of Lawford, when he should have taken orders, and death should have removed the present rector, now well advanced in years. Nobody but the really clever widow of Archdeacon Colville would have known how to manage all points so as to make every one a gainer in this family game at chess.

Nothing, however, was more easy to her than this. Her own brother-in-law, Sam, the present curate of Lawford, should marry her eldest niece Mildred, and thus, receiving the living as a part of his wife's fortune, two persons were at once provided for. Mildred and Sam Colville had been brought up, as it were, together; the only wonder was that anybody should think of anything else but their marriage. Mrs. Colville had always prided herself on the success of all her schemes; therefore nothing in this world seemed to her more natural than that her dear old father-in-law should quietly drop off, just at the right moment for the young people to have a home ready to receive them. Mildred became Mrs. Sam Colville, and a little marriage tour of two months, sufficed to put the rectory-house in good order for them.

"What is to become of Edward?" asked his father, when Aunt Colville first proposed to him the marriage between Mildred and her brother-in-law; "don't let us have another 'poor Adolphus' in the family."

But the warning was hardly needful. Aunt Colville had managed all that. Years before, while Edward was but a boy, she knew that his inclinations turned rather to the army than the church; and when Edward, with the quick eyes of youth, saw a lover-like intimacy springing up between the hall and the rectory, as it had done in the days of the last generation, he opened his heart fully and freely to his aunt, and besought her influence with his father that his destination in life might be changed.

The omnipotent Aunt Colville managed all according to his wishes, and the young soldier embarked with his captain's commission for the East Indies, feeling unbounded gratitude to his aunt, and evincing its continuance by sending to her

Delhi scarfs and Indian toys. His career so far had been a brilliant one; and his aunt's favorite phrase was, that "he had engrafted the laurels of military glory upon the old family tree."

Edward, from his boyhood, had been much attached to his young sister Ada, to whom he now wrote of his splendid life in the East, and never ended without saying, that should her course of true love not run smooth, or should she find no one to her mind, she must come out to him. It was a favorite joke of Ada's, that she would go to India to her brother; but it was only a joke: neither she nor her Aunt Colville had any ideas of anything but an English husband in an English home. Ada was the pride of her aunt's heart; and, from the first moment of her becoming the head of her brother's household, she resolved that Ada should marry well. She looked round among the county gentry for a suitable husband for her, and none seemed so desirable or so suitable as the one whom destiny, it was believed, had appointed for her. This was their neighbor, Mr. Latimer, of the Hays, a gentleman of large independent fortune, who, having now for several years been his own master, had established for himself one of the finest and most unexceptionable of characters. Mr. Latimer, was one who, both for his worth and his wealth, was universally courted. Any one would have been proud of his alliance; many had striven for it, but he seemed hard to please: he required much, very much in a wife; and, quite aware of his own desirableness to some half-dozen at least unmarried young ladies, still preserved his own unspoiled sincerity of character, and would neither be wooed, nor flattered, nor coquetted into compliance. The world said that he required so much in a wife that he never would be suited, nay, he began almost to think so himself. Aunt Colville, however, was not going to be foiled. She had made up her mind that her niece should, in the end, accomplish that which no one else could. She began even to feel sure of success. People began to congratulate her on the conquest which her niece had made; and she began, even in spite of her usual tact and prudence, to speak as if it were as good as settled, when, all at once, to the surprise of the world, and the unspeakable chagrin of Aunt Colville, Mr. Latimer announced his intention of spending two years on his West Indian property. It was very strange, she thought! Two years was so long a period of a lover's life. In two years Ada might be married and gone forever! Could it be possible, after all, that he had no serious thoughts of her—or was this a *ruse* on his part to bring the young beauty to terms. She had coquetted with others—she had shown considerable frivolity of character—her anxious aunt had often been displeased and annoyed at her waywardness and petulance in his presence. Had, then, the two years' absence anything to do with this? was it intended to bring her to her senses, or to wean him of a passion which, perhaps, he thought hopeless? Mrs. Colville tried the question in all ways; she redoubled her own attentions to him; talked seriously to Ada; besought of her not to let such a lover escape; spoke of the scandal in the neighborhood, of the triumph of this and that lady; and remembered, with secret vexation, how, in the secure pride of her heart, she had been so unwise as to speak of the connexion as certain. What if he had heard of this, and was now deserting the field to prove himself free, and leave the lady a free course with her other lovers? Never

had Aunt Colville been in such a dilemma before. That no enemy, however, might triumph, she maintained, as much as possible, the old appearance of things,—spoke of "dear Mr. Latimer's departure," as a public calamity; begged him to spend all the time he could possibly spare with them, and took care that he should not lack the opportunity of declaring himself to Ada if such were his wish. It looked exceedingly well that Mr. Latimer spent his last evening at Lawford. Ada was perfectly charming, mild, and gentle, and the very ideal of what Latimer's wife ought to be; but for all that, what did he say at parting? that he had no expectation of finding her *Miss Lawford* on his return. And thus he left the house, and the next day left England, without declaring his passion, or endeavoring to secure her affections to himself in any way.

Mrs. Colville was exceedingly angry, but she said not a single word either of her anger or her chagrin to Ada; that she kept for her own breast and for Mrs. Sam Colville, who, since her marriage, had risen very high in her aunt's opinion. Ada was too proud, whatever her feelings might be, to express them to any living soul. To the world, her aunt spoke of Mr. Latimer as of the dear friend of the family, as of one who had quite a fraternal regard for all the young people; but for Ada she now began to look out for a new connexion in the gay world of London, to which now, for the first time, they went during the season. But a great change seemed to have come over the young beauty. It was the working of a deep, earnest love, her aunt imagined; and therefore, after having again unsuccessfully schemed and planned, she thought it wisest to leave things to themselves, and, in so doing, she returned to her former wishes regarding Latimer. She was convinced that he would not marry whilst abroad; and, in the mean time, the bent which Ada's mind seemed to have taken would only prepare her more completely to fascinate him on his return. All would be well, she doubted not, in the end; but as diplomacy was her passion, she could not help taking some steps to facilitate that end, and those steps were remarkably easy ones. Mr. Latimer's only sister, to whom he was greatly attached, and some few years older than himself, had been married now several years to a Mr. Acton, a nephew of the good old dean, where poor Fanny Jeffkins had first lived in service. Mr. Latimer had spoken much and warmly of his sister to Ada; they met for the first time, since Ada was a mere child, at that large party at the deanery, for which poor Fanny Jeffkins had dressed Ada in her pink dress and tiara of pearls. Both ladies were much pleased with each other. Fortune favored Aunt Colville's schemes so far, that Mr. Acton purchased a small estate in an adjoining county, where he built a cottage ornee, and the family came to reside within the last six months. Like Mrs. Colville, Mrs. Acton perhaps thought that Ada would be a suitable wife for her brother: she in the first place had appeared charmed by her beauty, and nearer acquaintance seemed not to have lessened the effect. Mrs. Colville considered the circumstance of her inviting Ada to her house for a long and intimate visit, to be a sure proof that she was tacitly forwarding the same object.

By the time, therefore, when Agnes came to reside at her uncle's, Aunt Colville had returned to her old opinions, and regarded Ada unquestionably as the future Mrs. Latimer. She began to take

the most lively interest again in the Hays, and only regretted that she had not obtained a commission from its master of general oversight during his absence. The only confidant in all her schemes and plans—not even excepting Ada herself, for to her she hinted nothing—was Mrs. Sam. Mrs. Sam and she spoke between themselves of Ada's marriage, as of a settled thing, and never did they pass the gates of the Hays, or come even within sight of its chimneys, without feeling as if Ada were already mistress there.

Perhaps, however, the only person, in the whole circle of her acquaintance, of whom Mrs. Colville stood at all in awe, was this same Mr. Latimer. She had never ventured to scheme and speculate so boldly and so confidently when he was amongst them. There was a decision about him, a coolness, a mastery of himself, over which, when present, she felt that she had no power. And thus, now that he was away, even in spite of his self-possession at parting, she felt more hopeful and certain, but at the same time more prudent than ever. Ada, during his absence, had refused several offers—of this her aunt had informed Mrs. Acton; a great change, too, had come over her; she was no longer a coquette; she was quieter, graver, sadder, perhaps, but certainly not less lovely than when he left. It was evident, Mrs. Colville thought, that Ada was reserving herself for his return, and she was satisfied.

In this state of affairs came the news of Mr. Frank Lawford's death in London. Little as had been the intercourse between these two branches of the family, there had been growing secretly, in the depths of the elder Mr. Lawford's heart, a yearning sentiment of good will and pity towards his younger, outcast brother. In the solitude of his sleepless nights he had thought upon him with tenderness; a sentiment that came, he knew not how, of charity and forbearance, prepared him for deeds of kindness. When, therefore, the news came of his brother's sudden death, he stood as it were self-arraigned and condemned for severity and neglect. And oh! how bitter is the sense that the time for kindness is gone by forever; that the heart is forever cold which one would now so fain have warmed and cheered with the kindly flame of our affection. Bitter were the tears which Mr. Lawford shed, and it was with the utmost sincerity that he besought the bereaved members of his brother's family to accept of his aid and his good will.

Tom went to the funeral, and brought back such tidings of their hitherto overlooked relatives as only the more strengthened his father's inclinations. It was a very touching, though a very simple letter, which Agnes in the dark hour of bereavement had written to her uncle; but it had spoken eloquently to his heart.

"We will see what we can do for them," Aunt Colville had said; "we will see if we cannot do something for this poor girl, who really has written such a very proper and affecting letter."

She said this, at first, as the thought of the moment, rather to pacify her brother, than anything else; but on after consideration, and especially after Tom had returned home, and brought word that this cousin Agnes, whose grief for her father's death seemed so deep, was a quiet, sensible girl, but not at all handsome, the disposition to serve her seemed to grow amazingly.

"She can read to my brother, and amuse him; she must have been used to a life of hardship, and living here will be quite an advantageous change to her," thought she to herself.

Mr. Lawford, who, like his sister, calculated certainly upon Ada's marriage, conceived, as she had already done, the idea of his niece supplying to him the place of a daughter, "and then," thought he, "there is this advantage in her over my daughter, she will not be leaving me to get married. Ada has so many acquaintances, and is always going out. I am never sure of her for a day; nay, not even for an hour. Poor Frank's daughter will be very different; she will have no acquaintance but us, and we will make her happy amongst us."

"We will find her a home amongst us," said also Mrs. Sam Colville; "if she do not suit one she may suit another. She can have had no brighter prospects in life than we can offer her: it was such a thing of my uncle leaving no better provision for his children!"

"Poor man!" said Aunt Colville, with a sigh, "he was always improvident; ran counter to all our wishes; and this is no more than any of us expected. However, as my dear archdeacon used to say, 'we must all have charity one with another;' and now poor Frank is dead and gone, let his weaknesses and his errors die with him."

"Amen!" said Mrs. Sam.

"And," continued Aunt Colville, "I see no objection at all to having this Agnes with us: my brother is always fretful when Ada goes out; he likes to have young people about him; and I have often thought him a little unreasonable towards Ada, for a girl like her is naturally fond of society; and that was one reason why I was so willing for her to go to Mrs. Acton's: and therefore, if my brother takes to Frank's daughter, and she turn out tractable and useful, nothing can be better; and she's not likely to marry; and as she is not handsome, and has no fortune, there will be no flirting and nonsense of that kind."

"There is no danger of Tom," said Mrs. Sam, with a very self-satisfying confidence.

"And then, if she be well educated, as I dare say she is," continued Aunt Colville, "in course of time, if anything should happen to my poor brother, she can take the management of your little ones. Emily will want a governess in a few years—or Mrs. Acton might take her; for when Ada is married," said she, with a peculiar look, "one may reckon the Actons as a part of our own family."

Such were the designs of these two ladies, and such were their sentiments towards our poor Agnes: her uncle's, if not unmingled with selfishness, were certainly much kinder. His heart yearned towards her; and he meant, in showing good-will towards her, to satisfy his soul, if possible, as regarded her father. The two in the family who seemed most indifferent with regard to her coming, who neither said nor acted anything, were Ada and her brother Tom. Ada, it might be supposed, was so much occupied with the now approaching return of Mr. Latimer, and with the visit she was about to pay to his sister, as to have no thoughts to spare for any less interesting subject. Besides, she was by no means what might be called a transparent character—Ada kept many of her thoughts and feelings to herself. Aunt Colville said, "that she had enough, poor girl, to think of; and she did not at all wonder at her

wish, to set off directly to Mrs. Acton's." As for Tom, nobody troubled themselves about him: he went and came, and thought his own thoughts, and acted just as he pleased, without anybody wondering at anything he did.

CHAPTER IX.

"I am now at Lawford," wrote Agnes to her mother, within a week of her arrival there; "at the home of my father's youth. Ah! so often as I have heard him describe this place! To me it was as familiar as if I had here a preëxistence—the trees, the brook, the very outline of the distant landscape. How differently do the good people here regard these things to what I do! To me they are sanctified by the holy spirit of love and death. My dear, dear father! and this was the place where he was born; where he passed the bright days of his childhood, and that happy youth, of which he retained such delightful remembrance. Thank God that his youth was happy!"

"On Sunday, we were at church. I fancied to myself the corner of the pew where my father sat, when he alone of all the family went there; and when he sat and watched the rector's eldest daughter, sitting among her young brothers and sisters, and casting now and then, from above her prayer-book, sly glances at her young lover! And just above the pew is the marble tablet to the memory of his mother. You know not with what a thrill I read of her sudden death, on her fifty-seventh birth-day; it seemed to me as if those two awful days were blended in one: I lived over again their whole agony, and wept bitterly. A beautiful white marble urn, exquisitely designed and executed, stands in the churchyard, between two dark well-grown cypresses, in memory of her. The effect is extremely good. Were I rich, I would place here a monument to my father;—but he needs none! Love has enshrined him in our hearts; and good works, and noble sentiments, in the hearts of thousands besides!"

"The weather, since I came, has been fine for the season; and, under a mild but leaden December sky, I walked out one morning to explore the park and the immediate neighborhood. The fallen but undecayed leaves, and sombre but mild coloring of the landscape, accorded well with my feelings. I was quite alone, and enjoyed my ramble greatly. I found the brook, the Merley brook, where my father used to fish; it runs along the bottom of the park, through a succession of wild little dingles, which must be beautiful in spring and summer. It must have been here that my father lay and read in that old copy of Homer, in which, even to the last, he looked with such delight. I tried to find that bend of the brook where the old willow-tree grew, of which he spoke so often; but the brook seemed to have so many bends, and all the willows were so old and picturesque, that I could not tell which might have been preëminently his favorite. Here, too, must be that copse, all covered with moss, and bordered with primroses and violets, which he has described in his "Poet," as being the favorite resort of Vernon in spring-time; for here is the rookery, and Vernon lay among the primroses watching the rooks, as you remember, with his Greek Homer in his hand.

"I cannot tell you the effect which these old haunts produce on my mind: the spirit of these quiet, sylvan scenes, breathes in so much that my father has written, and it makes me indescribably

sad; sad, when I think how he, who, of all men, loved nature so truly, and was so attached to this place, was an outcast from it. I think of the refreshment it would have been, to have come here and gathered again 'these primroses by the river's brim;' and those to whom they belong, have let them bloom and die year after year, and never have drawn from them a holy, or a refreshing sentiment. Poor Jeffkins, too! he, who used to bring my father the first spring-flowers; who would walk so many miles to gather him the early violets; how sad and desolating a place has Lawford been to him! God only knows why such things are allowed to be! Poor Fanny, too! The strange and melancholy spirit of our interview saddened my parting with you. My journey here was a gloomy one. My thoughts were entirely my own; for a very taciturn and bulky country couple, who were my fellow-travellers, interrupted them by not a single remark. My parting from you, the sense that I had no longer a home, and poor Fanny's unhappy fate, lay like dark and brooding clouds upon my heart; the only little cheering beam was, that the poor forlorn, and yet, I trust, not God-abandoned prodigal, would that night be restored to her father. Had you not left London so soon after me, you probably would have seen him."

The next day.—"Your letter, which this moment has arrived, distresses and alarms me. Jeffkins, you say, has not seen his daughter! Oh, God forbid that she has deceived us; or that she has again fallen into evil hands! Poor Jeffkins! his attention to you has indeed affected me. How good, how thoughtful, how really delicate is his conduct. Let no one talk of the bad hearts of the poor! Ah, dearest mother, is it not true, that the gratitude of these poor people has often left us mourning! A dark and sad mystery involves Fanny's conduct; and my heart bleeds for the anguish, and agonizing uncertainty, which her father must experience. Here, as yet, her name has never been mentioned. You did well not to speak of the strange secret confided to me. It is safe, too, in my keeping; and God, if he design me for an agent of good toward that unhappy deserted child, will make all known to me at the right time. As yet, however, one part of poor Fanny's prophecy seems far from being fulfilled. There is a sort of coldness and distance between my cousin Tom and me. I know why, on my part. I cannot disconnect him, in my mind, from that poor unhappy girl; and feel, as it were, unpleasantly conscious, in his presence, of the sad secret of which I am the depository. You ask about my cousin Ada. She left home, on a visit of some weeks, the third day after my arrival, and that without our having advanced towards any intimacy. Ada seems to me to be rather a paradox, a mixture of openness, or perhaps impulse, and decided reserve. She says occasionally abruptly kind things, for which one is not prepared, which give the idea that the impulses of her nature are good and kind; but pride, or reserve, or perhaps timidity, make her general conduct cold, and to me repulsive. Our bedrooms adjoin, divided only by a dressing-room which opens to both, but which she keeps locked. She allowed her maid to pay me all little civilities. I am not an exacting person; I would have been thankful, at that time, for but one kind word, or act. As it was, I sat in my solitary bed-room, and wept. Do not think me petulant, or unreasonable; but my

heart, for that first night, was desolate, and felt how great had been its bereavement.

"The family consider Ada very clever. My Aunt Colville says that she is a true genius, and has great intellectual powers. I doubt it—at least as far as original talent goes. Handsome, however, she is unquestionably—nay, beautiful. She has a fine, oval, Rutherford face, with those peculiar large dove-like eyes, which my father called the family-eyes, and which I now see are those of dear little Harry—and here I must put in a parenthesis. I have had a letter from those dear boys—a kind beautiful letter. Arthur says that poor Harry is getting up his spirits famously, and has even had a little fight on his own account. Poor Harry! I cannot tell you how I was haunted by the sad expression of that dear child's face as he sat keeping back his tears, while they waited for the coach. Arthur is so handsome and manly, and so capable of defending himself—but God, and a good brother help poor Harry with his loving, gentle spirit, that never was meant for a tough warfare with hardship and unkindness! So much for a little thought, by way of parenthesis.—I now return to my fair cousin Ada. Ada is the darling of the family, in part from being the youngest, in part also from her being so handsome, and from their having the idea of her great abilities. My Aunt Colville says very much to me about Ada's powers of mind, and fine character; so also does Mrs. Sam; but as Ada herself, during the short time we were together, rather shunned than courted intimacy with me, and did not betray any great originality of mind in any way, I cannot speak from my own knowledge.

"I hear a great deal said of a Mr. Latimer of the Hays, who is expected in the spring from the West Indies. I suspect him to be the *fiancé* of Ada; it is with his sister that she is now visiting. According to report Mr. Latimer is the very summit of perfection; but when I consider their notions of perfection, which appear to be personified in Archdeacon Colville, I expect—pardon my heresy—nothing more remarkable than good looks—wealth, which I know he has—and self-possession—perhaps self-esteem.

"You ask of my uncle, and of my aunt Colville. Nothing could be kinder than my uncle's reception of me. I was taken into his room—a sort of inner library, where he spends most of his time. He said very little—but words were not needed: he kissed me—looked into my face, and wept. I wept too—and that abundantly, for my heart indeed was full; and I saw so plainly in my uncle a strong resemblance to my father—that peculiar cut of countenance, which made the last generation of the Lawfords so handsome. It was my father's face, only much older and without that expression of superior intellect which gave such a marked character to the face. My uncle wept as he spoke of my father's death, and lamented that 'politics and other things' had separated them. His heart I am sure is kindly interested in me; and with him, in his little library, I feel at home. He is a great invalid, and suffers much from the gout and other maladies. In his intervals of ease I read to him. His own children, he told me, do not like reading aloud, nor will they read what he wants. I read to him the newspaper daily. It comes in at breakfast, which is very late; and as we are then all together, and mostly alone, I read it aloud, and my Aunt Colville generally stays also to hear it. If my uncle were too ill to breakfast with

the family, I would take it into his chamber, when his chocolate went in, and read it there: but as yet they say he is in unusual health. We read novels, of which he is very fond, and works of divinity; and he pays me the compliment of liking my reading—so did my dear father. Oh, my uncle knows not how often I have tried to cheat my poor heart into the belief, that I was again in papa's library reading to him! They have none of papa's works here, nor do I believe that they have, any of them, read a single page of his writing. They all hold extreme opinions in religion and politics; and no wonder, when Archdeacon Colville is their apostle. His works are here: thirteen volumes, bound in purple morocco, richly gilt. I was reading one of them one day, when my Aunt Colville came in; she seemed greatly pleased—the only time I have ever seen her appear cordially satisfied with me. Her veneration for the archdeacon is extreme; and there are, after all, points of view from which her character is far from unamiable. To me, however, generally speaking, she is cold and harsh: she wishes me to devote myself to my uncle; but I fear that decided kindness towards me on his part will displease her. So also at the rectory—she wishes me to amuse the children, and to gain their affection; but were I, in mistake, to gain that of their mother, she would hardly forgive me. I must be subservient, humble, and useful to every one—I must give love and devotion, but I must look for none in return. Aunt Colville has a great deal of family pride; but *the family* consist only of herself, and her elder brother, and his descendants: we, if we would please her, must minister to these; we must have no little aspirings on our own account; what little light we have, we must contribute to the family glory; we must sink ourselves to exalt them—and if we will do this, my Aunt Colville will be as surely our friends and patrons, as ever she was to poor Adolphus. But I must now conclude: I have yet to write to the dear boys. I treasure up every droll anecdote, every conundrum, every amusing trait of character for them, that my letter may amuse them.

"Thank God that you are so cheerful, and that you are surrounded by so much love, and so much repose! Ah, I once thought that you and I should never smile again: but the year goes on; and the summer, which, in the dark wintry days, seemed so far off, will come with its birds, its flowers, and its sunshine; and thus it is with our hearts! May it only please God, that we, whose hearts are one, may yet form one household; you and I, and those dear boys! I dare not think of it, but try to say, in all submission, Thy will, not mine, be done!

"Adieu, write often to your own

"AGNES."

The winter was severe. Christmas came with its carol singers, in the snowy and frosty evenings; the church-bells chimed forth their sweet psalm-tunes: holly and ivy decorated the hall, and the rectory; the doles of fuel and beef were given to the poor; and the country newspaper, as it always did, made a paragraph about the well-known, seasonable munificence of the Lawfords of Lawford. There was a poetical sort of feudal sentiment about this Christmas at Lawford, which had its charm to Agnes; but still she felt that here the poor and the rich were separated, spite of seasonable gifts, by a wide gulf, which no sincere kindly sympathy bridged over. Very different was

all this from those little festivals of human love and human brotherhood which each successive Christmas had seen under her father's roof.

"I will take you with me this morning," said Aunt Colville to Agnes, on the day when the doles were distributed; thinking to impress her with the magnificence of the great branch of the family.

Aunt Colville, enveloped in velvet and fur, sat in the great carriage, and Agnes took her seat beside her. She was in a very gracious mood, and as they drove along, pointed out the grammar school, and the alms-houses which had been endowed by the family.

"It is a proud thing," said Aunt Colville, "to be the main branch of an old line of ancestors—the direct family line, I believe, has no stain upon it—all its men were men of honor, who served their God and their king zealously, and unflinchingly; and their women were noted for beauty, and purity. I am proud of being a Lawford," said she with dignity; "and though, in the last generation, we had cause to deplore some things connected with the family, yet the main branch has ever retained its uprightness."

Agnes felt that a sting was contained in her aunt's words, and perhaps she might have replied, had they not now reached the village green, where the church-wardens and other officials were distributing the squire's bounty; and as the great family coach slowly drove among them, hats were taken off, and a huzza welcomed them. Women, with children by the hand, or at the breast, were carrying away the cuts of beef; and men and big boys were wheeling away coals in barrows or hand-carts. Everybody looked eager, but by no means was there an expression of universal satisfaction on every face. Many were discontented; they believed that their neighbors were better supplied than themselves; they looked angry and envious.

"Yes," said Aunt Colville, as she sat in the great family coach, glancing through its plate-glass windows at the discontented faces around her, "it is a privilege to belong to the better classes of society, for there is a natural depravity and hardness about the poor."

"Pardon me, aunt," said Agnes, eager to vindicate the poor as a class, "but society has always dealt so hardly by the poor, it has made poverty and crime synonymous. The rich and the poor are not bound together by deeds of kindness and a spirit of brotherly consideration and forbearance; they are separated by severe laws and enactments, which the rich have made to keep the poor in awe. Oh, aunt, is it not enough to harden and sour the very heart of poverty, when it craves from its fellow-man the leave to toil, and that is denied it! Instead of accusing the poor of natural depravity, I only wonder at their forbearance and patience. What can the poor do in such cases but sink into despair, and out of despair plunge into crime; and then, when we have made them criminals, we drive them farther from us by severe penalties. We make ourselves their oppressors—what wonder then if they hate us!"

"These are dangerous opinions," said Aunt Colville, impatiently, "the opinions of levellers and democrats. I know what the poor are, and how impossible it is to reform them. I know a great deal more about them than you do. It is hardly worth while arguing the subject, but still I must say a word or two; for instance, you say that the rich do not bind the poor to them by deeds of kindness: what is this very scene which

you are witnessing? what was it that I did upwards of thirty years ago! I established Sunday and daily schools in this parish. I took care, at least my excellent father-in-law took care, that every child should be able to read, and should know its catechism thoroughly. He disseminated tracts; put down public-houses, and bowling greens, and such places, which are frequented by the lowest and idlest class of characters; he expelled Methodists out of the parish, and established among the farmers and the more respectable inhabitants, an association for employing none but such as attended church regularly, and sent their children to school. But all these efforts were vain. Vice and immorality only the more increased: the use that was made of education was to read infidel books, and the whole neighborhood was full of poachers and every species of disreputable characters. It is perfectly absurd to hear you talking in that romantic sentimental way, and it only shows your total ignorance of the subject. I know the poor well, and can safely testify, that there is something emphatically correct in styling the wealthy the *better classes of society*."

"It seems to me," returned Agnes, in a tone whose gentleness was meant to neutralize the boldness of a dissenting opinion, "that the late rector's well-intentioned but somewhat extreme efforts at reforming the parish were very much calculated to produce the effects they did."

Aunt Colville literally turned round, and looked Agnes in the face; but spite of this, she continued:—

"Men inclined to Methodism—and such may be very good men, and very useful members of society—and men of physical activity, to whom the bowling-green would have furnished an escape-valve for their energies, would, under the changes which the rector introduced, be very likely to become poachers; more especially if they could not obtain employment without professing religious opinions, which perhaps they neither understood nor held."

"These are the kind of notions which I suppose my poor brother instilled into your mind," interrupted Aunt Colville, with a reprimanding countenance.

"My father was the friend of the poor," said Agnes, in reply; "and this I consider as one of his greatest honors. Like Jesus Christ, who was his example, he went among them, and talked with them, and by the force alone of love, and the persuasion of kindness, healed, if not their physical, yet their moral infirmities, which are even worse. The poor, like the beloved apostle, might almost literally be said to rest upon his bosom."

"I do not admire this way of talking," said her aunt; "and such opinions as you seem to hold are not seemly in a young lady. You must remember that you are the niece now of Mr. Lawford of Lawford; and I am sure it would grieve him and all your friends here, to hear you expressing any Owenite or Benthamite notions. What would Mrs. Sam think, and the Actons, if they heard you talking thus? Your poor father, Agnes, did himself a deal of mischief by them; and, though I would not willingly speak ill of the dead, yet there are occasions when silence is criminal, and this I consider to be one of them."

"For Heaven's sake," interrupted Agnes, with impetuous emotion, "do not say one word against my father. You none of you knew him, none of you can conceive his goodness and his real great-

ness; and let me beseech of you," said she, turning to her aunt with imploring eyes, "that whatever fault you may have to find with me, whatever displeasure my poor opinions may cause you, that you will breathe no reproaches against my father!"

There was something very mild and touching in the tone in which Agnes spoke; and in a softened voice, and laying her hand upon that of Agnes, Mrs. Colville replied: "I wish not wantonly to hurt your feelings, Agnes; but you ought to know, that your poor father separated himself from his family, and cut off his own means of usefulness, and his own advancement in life, by abandoning the old hereditary opinions of his family, and by adopting others which gentlemen ordinarily do not hold; therefore you must consider how painful, how unpleasant, how revolting it must be to us to have such opinions broached in our presence; and especially by one whom we have placed amongst us, and towards whom we wish to entertain favorable sentiments. I hope, therefore, that you will never let Mrs. Sam hear anything of the kind from your lips!"

Agnes made no reply; she bitterly felt her own dependence. A thousand contradictory emotions agitated her soul: but her heart was too full for words, and a quiet tear fell from her cheek to her knee.

Aunt Colville saw the tear, and was touched by it.

"We will drop this subject now," she said; "but when I have leisure and opportunity, I will relate such instances of depravity which have come under my own eye, as are really shocking to think of—things which have occurred in Lawford—and Lawford is not nearly so bad as many other places: but even in Lawford, I say, there have occurred cases of women abandoning their own children! At Lawford Hall, not so very long since, some wicked, unnatural mother left her child but a few weeks old! Such things as these are awful, and enough to bring down the judgments of Heaven!"

"How, when, dear aunt, was a child left at Lawford?" asked Agnes, suddenly roused from the thoughts immediately connected with herself to the remembrance of poor Fanny Jeffkins' confession.

"It is a most unpleasant subject," said her aunt, "I cannot enter upon it now. Not another word about it now; for I see Mrs. Sam and the children, and we will take them up; but remember, not a syllable about these things before Mrs. Sam!"

The carriage took up Mrs. Sam and the children; and Agnes was so absorbed by her aunt's words, and the thoughts which they gave rise to, that she displeased both ladies by taking no notice of "the darling Emily," who was destined for her future pupil.

Although Aunt Colville had desired that Mrs. Sam might never hear such heterodox opinions fall from Agnes' lips, it was not long before that lady herself informed her of them.

It was no more, they said, than they might have expected: but what would the Barhams, and the Bridports, and the Actons, and the dean and his lady say, if they heard such sentiments? They had the most benevolent desires for her improvement; and as her position in the family, for the present at least, seemed to be that of companion and reader to her uncle, they would get

him to make her read all the archdeacon's works, and such others also as would give her proper views of life and society. There was a deal of good in her, no doubt, they said, and they would do their duty by her; but it was a great deal better, however, that she should not go much into society with them, and there was a good excuse for her staying at home, and that was attending to her uncle.

"It is a good thing that my father is so fond of her," said Mrs. Sam, "for, poor thing, spite of all her accomplishments, and her talents, and her easy, graceful manners—and one cannot deny her all these—while she holds such opinions, even if she wanted a situation to-morrow, I could not give her one. Sam is so fond of catechising, that he would draw out all her opinions, and quarrel with her the first day."

Agnes was set to read the first volume of Archdeacon Colville's "Essays on Religious Opinion." It was a very heavy book; but the old gentleman felt it his duty, and his sister Colville recommended it, that not only it, but the whole thirteen volumes of sermons, essays, and treatises must be gone through from the first page to the last. So she read, and he listened or dozed; and when he was tired—and he was very often as tired of listening as she of reading—the book was laid down, and they began to talk, which he very soon had found to be a pleasant way of spending time. He encouraged her to talk of her parents, of her brothers, of her former home, and of the people she knew in London. Her uncle took a great delight in her society, and missed her when she was absent; he called her pet names, repaid her attentions by a kiss, and said that she was his youngest daughter, and that her very presence near him soothed his pain and his irritation. Poor Agnes, she did not easily tire of talking to her uncle of her home and her family, although she was often inclined to weep when she did so; but then the old man grew irritable if she wept, and therefore she soon learned to touch lightly on painful subjects, for both their sakes; and, after the warning which her aunt had given her, carefully avoided touching on politics or the virtues of the poor.

Breakfast, which, as we have said, was not early at Lawford, was taken mostly in the little library where the old gentleman sat, that he might enjoy it with his family; and on these occasions it was, as the reader knows, the duty of Agnes to read from the morning paper the lighter news and police reports, deaths, and casualties, of which he was very fond.

One morning, while thus reading, she came upon a paragraph which related that "considerable excitement was occasioned the day before, on the breaking up of the ice in the river Lea, by the discovery of the body of a young woman, which appeared to have lain there some weeks. The body was first discovered by some boys, and a remarkable circumstance had led to its immediate recognition. The father of the young woman, who was by trade a silk-weaver—" Agnes paused for half a moment, and then went on. "The father was walking on the banks of the river at the time, and joining in the crowd, recognized the body to be that of his daughter. The father's distress was inconceivable. The girl, it appeared, was of abandoned character, and had left the house of her father many months before. No injury, which could excite suspicion of murder, was found on the

body, and it was suspected that she had committed suicide, as so many unfortunate females did. A small sum of money was found in her pocket, together with a letter, which, although almost illegible, appeared to be addressed to her father. She wore a small locket round her neck, in which was a lock of dark hair, and a gold ring set with a small emerald. The name of the girl was Fanny Jeffkins —" Agnes said no more, but dropping the paper on her knee, clasped her hands, and burst into tears.

"Jeffkins!" exclaimed Aunt Colville; "can it be that Fanny who lived with Mrs. Sam? But, bless me, Agnes," said she, looking sternly at her niece, "what is amiss with you?"

"I was much attached to that poor, unfortunate girl!" said Agnes.

"My dear!" exclaimed her uncle.

"Not at all to your credit," said Aunt Colville.

"I cannot explain to you," said Agnes, "the peculiar circumstances which make her death affecting to me. You could not understand it; but, wretched as she was, and abandoned as the world believed her, I was much attached to her; and her father, a man of many virtues and many sorrows, was a friend of my father's."

Aunt Colville looked petrified with horror. "Thank Heaven," she said, "that there is no one present!" for though Tom was there, she considered him like no one.

Tom sat with his forehead on his hand, his cup of coffee untouched before him, and seemed to be reading from a book which lay open on the table. Outwardly he seemed an indifferent auditor of what passed, but in reality he felt as much agitated as Agnes herself.

"Not exactly a *friend* of your father's, my dear," said her uncle, willing, if possible, to shield her from her aunt's displeasure.

"Yes," returned Agnes, firmly, "he was so, and one whom my father respected, and perhaps even loved. His attachment to my father was extreme."

"And this wretched, abandoned creature," interrupted Aunt Colville, with indignation, "who was hurried to the face of her Maker with all her unrepented sins on her head, was perhaps a friend of yours!"

"In the truest sense of the word," replied Agnes, calmly, and in a voice of deep sorrow, "perhaps she was. I, at least, may say truly, that I was *her friend*; and strange as these words may seem to you, they are capable of such explanation as I believe would satisfy even you."

"I want no explanation," returned Aunt Colville. "I have said all along that this radicalism, this sympathy and friendship with the depraved lower classes, could not possibly lead to good."

"I do not at all understand what you can mean by attachment and friendship for abandoned characters," Agnes, said her uncle, "and we must have some explanation."

Agnes, without so much as glancing at Tom, who still maintained his look of cool indifference, began, in a voice low with emotion, to give a slight sketch of her father's acquaintance with Jeffkins.

"I must say," interrupted Aunt Colville, before she had half finished, "that it was not a reputable thing to be, as one may say, hand and glove with a drunken silk-weaver. The distinctions of society must be kept up: rich and poor are ordained by Heaven, and are as much apart as light and darkness! No one has a higher sense of our Christian

duties than I have, and I consider it as a something quite revolting, this intimacy and attachment that you talk of."

"And was this young woman, this Fanny who lived with Mrs. Sam, this—this—this very disreputable young woman, really brought up with you?" asked her uncle, rousing himself into a little anger.

"Not brought up with me," said Agnes; "but I frequently saw her as a child. My parents never objected to my seeing her because she was poor; and when she grew up, and was so very lovely, and, as we believed, so good, we all of us felt great interest in her —" Agnes paused. Tom hastily swallowed his coffee, and casting a hasty and anxious glance at his cousin, which she did not see, rose from the breakfast table, fearful lest his countenance might betray him, and stood by the fire with his back to the table.

"I remember," said Aunt Colville, "that your father wrote about her after she left Mrs. Sam. She was a good-for-nothing huzzy, and I beg I may never hear you speak of her as your friend again. There must be distinctions in society—there is right and wrong; crime and depravity are not imaginary things; and those who try to palliate them, make themselves in some degree parties to them."

Poor old Mr. Lawford perceived, by the tone of his sister's voice, how angry she was getting; and, wishing to spare his niece, put a random question to her, the most trying he could have put.

"And when did you see this unfortunate girl last?" asked he. Tom started as he heard it, and almost turned round.

"It is a painful subject, uncle," said Agnes. "You cannot conceive how painful! Ask me no more about it! But oh, for God's sake," said she, clasping her hands, and looking imploringly into his face, "do not impute evil to me! It is true that I knew this poor girl to have been a sinner, but I knew also the intense misery which she endured. God is merciful—let man be so too! And for my part, I again beseech of you not to ascribe or impute evil to me. I believe it impossible for you or my aunt to understand perfectly my family's connexion with poor Jeffkins and his unhappy daughter; but indeed there was no pollution in it. Christ himself had familiar intercourse with publicans and sinners, and permitted his feet to be bathed by the tears of Mary Magdalene!"

"Nay, nay, Agnes," interrupted her aunt, with increased displeasure, "let us have no more of this! If you compare yourself and your family to our blessed Lord, it is high time to put a stop to it. It is not the first time you have done so, and I can tell you that it is nothing short of blasphemy! Sit down, and let us have breakfast at once," said she, as if determined to put an end to the subject.

"I have breakfasted," said Tom, hastily, and went out.

"Allow me to leave the table," said Agnes, rising, and with tears in her eyes.

"Yes, yes, child, go!" said her uncle, in a hurried but gentle voice.

In the lobby she met Tom. He looked pale and agitated, but passed her without speaking; the next moment he returned, and, offering her his hand, said in a peculiar voice, "Do not, Agnes, let anything which my Aunt Colville said distress you. We all know how good you are. My aunt is a bad-tempered, formal, old woman."

Agnes thought of Tom's words through the day.

His words, it is true, were commonplace enough, but yet the tone in which they were spoken affected her. The remembrance of his poor victim never left her mind, and she sighed as she thought that it was with tones as winning and as kind as these that he had betrayed her to her ruin.

And what really was Tom's state of mind as he went out on that fresh, clear morning into the park, where the first appearances of spring were visible after the dead sleep of winter? What, indeed! It was that of one whose impulses to good are naturally strong, and who now is writhing under the vulture-beak of self-accusation, of remorse and sorrow. His feelings were agony, bitter agony. He walked rapidly, as if to escape from himself; and then, finding it impossible to do so, sauntered along, as if in the vain hope that the living anguish that tortured him might leave him behind.

Never as yet had Tom Lawford communicated any secret thought to a human being; now for the first time he yearned for a friend whose milder judgment might reconcile him to himself. He thought of Agnes, with her deep, womanly love, her tenderness, her forbearance towards the sinner, her pity, and her gentleness; and then the sense of the wrong and the injustice which he had done to that hapless human being, whose life was now his sacrifice, humbled him to the dust, and for the first time he felt how grievously he had offended both God and humanity.

CHAPTER X.

Weeks went on; and Aunt Colville and Mrs. Sam found more and more cause of displeasure and dissatisfaction in poor Agnes.

They talked to her uncle about the distress of mind which she still manifested regarding the unhappy end of that wretched Fanny Jeffkins; but the good old gentleman astonished them by taking her part.

It showed, he said, her goodness of heart, her humanity, her Christian charity; and besides this, the conversations he had had with her convinced him that a better girl or a more thorough gentlewoman did not exist. She was reading, he said, Archdeacon Colville's works—he had no doubt but that in time she would adopt opinions as rational as their own.

Aunt Colville was not at all either satisfied or convinced; and anxious for the sake of Mrs. Sam's little daughter, she resolved to become a third occasionally at the reading of her late husband's works, that thus she might duly enforce the orthodoxy which they contained, and also that she might ascertain whether Agnes listened to them in a teachable and becoming spirit. This, however, was not altogether satisfactory to the old gentleman, nor yet to his niece; for, with all due reverence to the memory of his learned brother-in-law, he had always considered his works amazingly heavy reading; and now, in presence of his very observant relict, he had no chance of taking a quiet doze, or of listening to Agnes' arguments on the other side the question, and of conceding, in a tone which might pass either for conviction or indolence, "Well, well, child, we will argue it no farther—perhaps the archdeacon may be wrong after all!"

Nothing could be more notoriously quiet than Agnes' life at the hall at this time. But her duties were few and not unpleasant, and the affection which her uncle evinced towards her was a cheer-

ing and heart-gladdening circumstance. At the bottom of her heart, however, lay a sad and depressing consciousness which weighed all the more heavily because of the impossibility of making any one her confidant in it. In vain she questioned, directly and indirectly, her aunt regarding the founding child of which she had spoken; but the old lady, offended at what she called "her lax opinions," would not be communicative. Her uncle could tell her no more than that the child had been sent to the parish, and that a woman of indifferent character, at that time in the house, who no doubt knew of its parentage, had taken it out with her, and that was all that was known. Mrs. Sykes, Mrs. Colville's woman, confirmed the same; and Agnes began to fear, that if this were the child of poor Fanny, no occasion would ever offer for her befriending it. Tom had relapsed again into his natural reserve and imperturbability, with this exception, that he too not unfrequently came also to hear the reading of the late archdeacon's sermons, which he never failed to abuse whenever private opportunity occurred. Now and then, however, Tom would talk of his sister Ada, whose return home was deferred from week to week. Tom was fond of his sister, and seemed to have great pleasure in relating to Agnes anecdotes respecting her.

At length spring came, in the full mature bursting forth of its flowers and its birds' songs, and with it came Ada, and a new life at once began at Lawford. Aunt Colville gave up the readings in the library; receiving callers, or making calls, occupied the mornings, and the evenings were devoted to parties. A round of gaieties began, from which the old gentleman, with the nervous irritability of an invalid, withdrew himself, requiring all the more the attention of his niece. The idea never seemed to occur to him, or to anybody else, that he was unreasonable in requiring all her time and attention. "Are you happy?" asked her mother in many a letter, waiting with an anxious heart for the reply. "I am happy," said Agnes, "in the affection of my uncle. I am sure that he loves me; he encourages me to talk of my father, and now that my Aunt Colville is too much occupied to join our reading parties, I am in hopes that in time I may gain permission to read to him my father's works. My lovely cousin, Ada, is as cold and indifferent in her behavior to me as ever; and yet now and then she has surprised me by some act or word of abrupt kindness and good feeling towards me; and then, when my heart has warmed towards her, she has again repelled me by her haughty coldness. Nothing can be gayer than the hall at this time; every day my Aunt Colville, Ada, and Mrs. Sam go out; the younger ladies often on horseback, attended by their servants, or joining other equestrian ladies and gentlemen of their acquaintance. In a few weeks Mr. Latimer returns home. A great deal is said on this subject. The Actons are now at the Hays to prepare for his reception; and to-morrow, a Miss Bolton, a half-sister of Mr. Acton, and a young lady as I am told of great fortune and beauty, comes here on a visit of a few days. Report says that my Aunt Colville, in her matrimonial speculations, has destined her for the wife of my cousin Tom. Poor Tom! He has come out of that icy shell of coldness and reserve, which are his characteristics, and which, I am beginning to think, hide many good qualities. Tom, under an outward show of great respect, has no love for my Aunt Colville;

he delights in quietly thwarting her; thence, perhaps, the true secret of his little attentions to me."

As Agnes said, all was gaiety at the hall. It was a late spring, but one of the most beautiful in nature; and the rooks in the old elm trees were not busier building their nests, and rejoicing in the sunlit atmosphere which bathed their tree-tops, than were the inhabitants of the hall themselves; there were parties on horseback in the mornings, and dinner-parties and dances in the evenings: this was on the outward surface, but there was an under-current of excitement and expectation in the hearts of Aunt Colville and Ada, which, though unconfessed by either lady to the other, was the mainspring of every action and sentiment; and this was the approaching return of Mr. Latimer. Wonderful was the kindness and attention shown to the Actons and to Miss Bolton; nothing was too much to do for them; and many were the drives which Aunt Colville took to the Hays, ostensibly to call on her friend, but to indulge, in reality, a sort of pride, by anticipation of the time when Ada might be its mistress.

Agnes did not join the gay equestrian parties, nor did any one ask her to do so. She was like a epher in the house; and the old gentleman, who fancied himself so much more of an invalid since the commencement of the fine weather, shut himself up entirely in the little library. It did not occur to him that Agnes might like to join in some of the gaiety that was going on, or that it was selfish to require through these fine balmy days her incessant attention.

"She really is a good creature," said Mrs. Sam, one day after a long drive, who, having seen her head bending over a book in the little library as they went out, saw it in precisely the same position on her return.

"It is her duty," said Aunt Colville, coldly, "and her uncle is very fond of her. She has always been used to books and study, and she does not feel the fatigue of it as any one of us should; she is naturally pale."

"Do you not think her pretty, and very intellectual looking?" asked Miss Bolton.

"She is a noble creature!" exclaimed Ada, startling every one by her energy, "and some day or other I shall tell her so!"

Agnes was sitting at the library window one splendid morning, waiting for the ringing of her uncle's bell, which was to summon her to the inner-room, when Tom entered, as if by accident.

"You here!" he exclaimed, "I thought you were out with the rest of them."

"No," said Agnes, wondering how he could have thought so; "I am waiting to read to my uncle."

"You'll ruin your health," said Tom, "with all this reading: I thought I saw you with the rest of them."

"No!" said Agnes, smiling at what she knew must be a false assertion.

"But you went out with them yesterday?" said he.

"No!" said she, and again laughed, for Tom himself was of the yesterday's riding-party.

"Do you pretend, then, to say that you never go out?" asked Tom, as if in perfect ignorance of all that went on.

At that moment the bell rang, and Agnes turned to go, taking up the seventh volume of Archdeacon Colville's works from the library table.

"You shall not sit reading all day long," said

Tom decidedly; "it is downright tyranny and selfishness of any one to require it: you look very pale and ill. You shall go and take a walk round the park. I am quite vexed that they are gone without you; I wish I had only known it before!"

Again the bell rang.

"Thank you, cousin Tom," said Agnes, surprised and somewhat affected by his kindness, "but indeed I cannot go this morning; my uncle expects me."

"It is enough to kill you," said Tom, looking very earnest, "and you shall not read this morning. I am not very fond of reading aloud, especially such chopped straw as this," said he, taking the book forcibly from her, "but for once I'll do it."

"I shall read to you this morning," said he, entering his father's room; "Agnes must go out now and then; she looks quite ill; I wonder that Mrs. Sam or Ada never think about her. I told my Aunt Colville a month ago; and Agnes says that she has never been out—"

The old man looked astonished, and asked her if she were ill, and told her rather sharply, that if she were so, she ought to have told him, "for," said he, "I do not think you have ever found me unreasonable."

"I am not ill, uncle," returned Agnes.

"Then why did you complain, child?" asked he pettishly.

"Nor did I complain," said she smiling; "but my cousin Tom was so kind."

"It's only right that she should go out into the fresh air sometimes—every day she ought to—"

said Tom, interrupting her.

"Yes, yes, to be sure it is," said the old man;

"but then, who is to read to me?"

"I shall read to you," exclaimed Tom.

"I am not fond of Tom's reading," said the old man; "but you should have some fresh air. I wonder Mrs. Colville or somebody does not think of it."

Nothing touches the heart more than kindness and consideration where it was not expected; and, as Agnes that morning took the walk which Tom had desired her to take, the thought of poor Fanny Jeffkins and her strange prophecy, "He cannot help loving you, and you cannot help loving him," came vividly to her mind. She recalled his whole behavior during the time she had been at Lawford, his outward reserve and pride, and his many little acts of kindness. Nobody evidently thought as much about, or cared as much for her as he did. Her uncle might love her, but there was a selfish exaction in his love. Her Aunt Colville treated her with harshness as an inferior; Mrs. Sam narrowly watched all her words and actions to detect something improper in them. Ada was absorbed by pleasure and her own occupation; she was cold and haughty, and repelled every little attempt of kindness on the part of Agnes. The friends of the house came and went, and no one introduced her to them. Poor Agnes! she wept as she walked on through that primrose-covered copse, of which her father in boyhood had been so fond, and which she had regarded as a place of precious memories; but, strange to say, on that morning her thoughts were not of her father. An indescribable sadness lay on her soul, which the gushing golden sunshine and the sweet jargon of the birds among the budding trees, seemed only to mock. A deep and living sense came over her, of her really friendless and forlorn condition, of

her state of dependence and isolation, even among her own kindred; she thought of her willingness to love those who would not accept her love; and then came a dread and apprehension lest she should give her love where her sense of honor had hitherto so strongly forbidden it. On the one hand, the dead body of poor Fanny Jeffkins seemed to warn her back with all her wrongs, and her hapless fall and fate: on the other, stood Fanny's betrayer, the one true heart among so many cold ones, with his quiet deeds of kindness, his thoughtfulness, his voice which had such a touching tenderness in it—and her heart seemed pleading for him.

"Oh, gracious Father in Heaven," sighed she, "strengthen me to resist the tempter; give me strength to distinguish right from wrong, for I am weak and ready to fall!"

Strengthened and calmed by her mental prayer, Agnes walked on. In the farthest copse she heard the sound of children's voices, and soon saw a little group, as she imagined, from the neighboring hamlet, gathering flowers and making chains of dandelion stems, with which they were ornamenting a bright-eyed, auburn-locked cherub of a child, which was seated in the lap of the eldest girl. The baby, which might be about a year and half old, was laughing and screaming with delight, and throwing about his beautiful rounded limbs in an ecstasy of childish glee. It was a lovely picturesque group, and instantly arrested both Agnes' thoughts and steps.

"What a beautiful child!" said she, putting back the rich curls from his sunny forehead; "is he your brother?" asked she, addressing the girl who held him.

"Yes," said the girl, but with a peculiar hesitation in her manner, which made Agnes again question her.

"Oh yes, Miss, all the same as brother," returned the girl coloring; "mother always reckons him one of the family," said she, and hugged him to her bosom.

Agnes seated herself upon a fallen tree beside them, and the two other children, a boy in a somewhat ragged suit, and another wild urchin in petticoats, betook themselves to a little distance, wondering what the lady had got to say.

"Is this beautiful little creature an orphan then?" asked Agnes, interested both in the baby and the girl who held him so lovingly in her arms.

"I don't know," returned she; "but the squire sent him to the house when we were there; and as our little baby died, mother took him, and so he has lived with us, and we love him as if he were our own."

"And where is your mother?" inquired Agnes.

"Oh Miss," said the girl, tears at once filling her eyes, "mother is very ill, and I must now go to her."

"I too will go with you," said Agnes, and accompanied the girl with the child in her arms, half a mile farther on, down into a deep, secluded, woodland lane, where, at some distance, stood a green caravan, from the red chimney of which ascended a thin blue smoke. The ragged lad and the urchin in petticoats were not far off.

"Is that your home?" asked Agnes, comprehending at once that these were some of those wandering potters or tinkers which were not unfrequent in the neighborhood, and against whom,

as she had heard, her uncle, in the days of his magisterial activity, had waged war so desperately.

The girl told her, that her father sold brushes and wooden-ware, and went up and down the country, and that her elder brother went with him. Their mother, however, who had been ill some time, and was now a deal worse, was in the caravan which they saw, and that she would now run and apprise her of the visiter who was coming. Agnes offered to hold the beautiful child, but he clung to his young nurse, and in their absence she tried to make friends with the other two children, who were hiding under the caravan; but at her first word they started up and ran away, and then, half in bashfulness, and half in petulance, threw pebbles and little pellets of earth at her.

Presently, however, she was invited by the elder girl up the steps of the caravan, and entering, she found an anxious, sorrowful looking woman, with many a sign of poverty about her, and who, apparently far gone in consumption, was almost too weak to rise to receive her visiter. Agnes was touched by the first glance at the sick woman and her abode, and seating herself beside her, invited her kindly to speak freely of her present and past condition.

"We belong to the parish of Lawford," said the woman; "both my husband and me, and now I am come back to die here."

"Perhaps not," said Agnes, kindly and hopefully; "we have the summer before us."

"Very true, miss," said she, "but I shall not see through the summer; and then God knows what is to become of the children, and little Johnny!—that's what preys on my mind!" and with this she wept bitterly.

"But little Johnny is not your son?" inquired Agnes.

"In one sense, no," said the woman, "and that is all the more distressing to me. You see, miss, my own baby died—we were in the poor-house, for ours has been a hard life—and as this had no one to own it, neither father nor mother, I took it for my own. My husband was as good and well-meaning a man as ever trod in shoe-leather when we married; but he offended the squire and the rector with joining a political club in Leicester. He was a reading man, and was much sought after at clubs and ale-houses, because he could speak very well. He was then a sort of under bailiff on the squire's farm. But envious folks told lies of him to his employer and the rector; and he was young and thoughtless in those days, and would not be warned to avoid even the appearance of evil; so he lost first one place, and then another. And the squire's hardness and severity, and the rector's together, awoke in him a spirit of hatred and ill-will. We had children, and we fell into poverty: one article of furniture after another was pawned and sold to get us bread. Nobody would give my husband a character; and our very neighbors, who had known us in our better days, looked shy on us. Oh, miss, kindness and confidence keep up a man's self-respect more than anything else! We came soon to feel as if our being poor had degraded and debased us! My husband went to Leicester to get employment, but none was to be had. He came back, after an absence of some weeks, famished. It was winter-time; we had four children then living—when my husband had left home there were five; but one had died while he was away, and the parish had

buried it. I expected that my husband would have grieved sorely, but he did not; he shed not a tear: he only said that he wished the other four were under the sod with little Bessy. I was expecting to become a mother again almost daily; we had no food; house-rent was going on; we were in despair; and oh, God help the poor who are driven to despair! It was winter time—a black, bitter frost—and we were dying of cold and hunger. My husband had become reckless, and almost ferocious. He called the rich tyrants; and ground and gnashed his teeth when he heard the children cry. My time approached, and I sent to old Mrs. Colville to beg help: but she sent me word that she could relieve none but persons of good character. At that moment the children, who had gone out to beg, came home crying for cold and hunger. My husband was roused to fury—he went out swearing a fearful oath. The next day we had plenty to eat; we feasted—us and the children: God knows how we had needed food before. The third day after that my husband was taken up for a poacher, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment and hard labor, and we were taken into the house. In the midst of disgrace and poverty, and distress of mind, my child was born. The night that it was born I heard the women talking of a young child which had been found at the hall gates—”

Agnes started at these words, and breathlessly awaited for the continuation of the woman's story.

“It made a great talk in the house,” she continued; “some said one thing, and some another; but the squire sent the child to the house, and old Mrs. Colville came herself. She was very angry, and said that it was a proof of the wickedness and hard-heartedness of the poor, because this child was abandoned by its mother. Some of the poor folks in the house sided with her, and others took against her. I, for my part, who had gone through so much, thought that despair, such as we had felt, had perhaps closed the heart of this child's mother against it, and I had pity on both it and her. There was nobody in the house to nurse it but me. They gave me good food, and plenty of it, and my bodily strength soon returned, but my own baby was sickly, and died. My heart clung to the nursing that had no mother to cherish it; so I gave to it my baby's name, and said that it should be mine in the place of the one I had lost. Nobody made any objection—Mrs. Colville even approved, and sent to me then a bundle of baby-clothes.

“At length the time came when my husband's imprisonment was at an end. He returned home—if home that might be called, which was no more than a roof to cover us. The six months of his imprisonment had changed his very nature. He had associated with men ten times worse than himself; he knew that he was now a branded man, and he was in reality depraved. The severest misery that I endured, was in perceiving the change that was come over him. When he heard that my baby was dead, and that in its stead I had adopted another, he was very angry. He refused to let me have it—he threatened to tear it from my breast. It was not ours, he said, and we would not burden ourselves with it. The child was dear to me as my own flesh and blood—” The poor woman paused; she wiped the drops of sweat which stood upon her brow, and

seemed overcome and oppressed by the remembrance.

Agnes listened in breathless interest, and without saying a word, wiped away her own tears.

“It would have broken my heart,” continued the woman, after a few moments, “to have parted with the child; but fortunately a letter came from some unknown hand, offering to my husband the sum of twenty pounds on condition of his adopting the child, and removing from the parish. Twenty pounds to a man in my husband's circumstances, was a sufficient inducement to do even more than this. He laid in a little stock of such articles as are used in country-places; and we began our life of wandering. Success attended us—but my husband was no longer the open-hearted man he had been. A hard, cold, gripping spirit had taken possession of him; he hated the rich, and had neither compassion for, nor faith in the poor. We now travel about from place to place. The life suits him and the boys. I took cold the first winter we were out; for it is perishingly cold o' nights in the caravan. He has bad associates, and is brutal and surly. He never has liked the child, God knows why, though it was the means of his having a livelihood in his hands.—When I am gone it will have a hard life among them.”

“But,” said Agnes, “you have a daughter, a kind-hearted girl, who loves the child.”

“Ah, miss,” said the mother with a deep sigh, “my husband will bring a step-mother to the caravan—I know it all! I have seen her, a stout, strapping quean, the head taller than me. She was in jail when my husband was there, and Heaven knows how she has gained so much influence over him. She has offered to come here to nurse me, and take care of the children; but no!” said she, raising herself, and with an almost fierce expression in her hollow eyes, “let her come into the caravan if she dare, while the breath is in my body!”

There was something desperate and almost savage in the woman's tone and manner; and the little child that was playing on the floor of the caravan, looked up in her face, and terrified, began to cry. Agnes took him on her knee, and soothed him; she stroked his hair and caressed him tenderly. This then was the child that had been committed to her care and love, by his unhappy mother. His father, as the letter from the unknown hand, and the twenty pounds proved, had acknowledged his claim. She fancied that in his clear eyes, and his peach-like complexion, she could trace a resemblance to his wretched mother. A deep sympathy, an inexpressible tenderness towards him filled her heart, and while her tears fell upon his curling hair, she clasped him in her arms, and he, no longer afraid, looked up into her face with the beautiful confidence of childhood, and smiled.

“God knows,” said the poor woman, as if suddenly awoke to a new idea, “if I have done well in talking thus freely to you of our affairs, I know not how I came to do it—but surely, miss, you will not in any way betray me!”

“Indeed I will not,” said Agnes, in a tone of warm sincerity, “and I will come again to see you, nor will the child be uncared for; God will send him friends!”

With these, and other such words, she took her leave; and the woman, assured and some way comforted by her presence, watched her through

the open door of the caravan till the windings of the lane concealed her from sight.

This strange and unexpected discovery agitated Agnes greatly, and as she hastily pursued her way back to the hall, she endeavored to ascertain what was for her the best mode of action; but she could not decide, and with her mind still in a perfect tumult of feeling, she reached the hall amazed and half alarmed to find how long she had been absent. Her cousin Tom's groom waited at the door with his horse, and the ladies were returned. As she passed the drawing-room door, she heard an eager discussion among them, and presently Ada's voice, which said, "There is Agnes, ask her."

She was called in, and found the table and sofa covered with materials for splendid evening and ball dresses. Old Mrs. Colville and the young ladies were making purchases for a grand party, which was to take place in the neighborhood in about a fortnight, and by which time it was expected that Mr. Latimer would be returned. Tom was with the ladies, and there was now a difference of opinion with regard to Ada's dress, whether it was to be a silver gauze over pink satin, or a gold-sprigged muslin over white. Ada, secretly remembering the night at the deanery, when she wore the pink brocade, and made so much impression on Mr. Latimer, inclined to a dress of the same color; her brother, Mrs. Sam, and Miss Bolton, advocated the white.

"Here is Agnes, let us hear her opinion," said Tom, who from the window had seen her approach.

"There is no need to ask her!" said Aunt Colville.

"There is Agnes, ask her!" said Ada, without noticing her aunt's words, as she heard her step on the stairs.

Agnes was called in, and the important question proposed to her, and the respective elegancies of each dress dwelt upon at some length.

Poor Agnes! she was in no state of mind, just then, to enter fully into the merits of a ball dress; besides which, she was alarmed to think of having apparently neglected her uncle so long.

"They are both beautiful," said Agnes: "I do not know indeed to which to give the preference."

"But which do you think will suit Ada the best?" asked Miss Bolton.

Agnes considered for a moment, glancing first at her beautiful cousin, and then at the two dresses as they hung side by side; "I think the pink would suit her best," said Agnes, "but now indeed I must go!"

"Stop!" cried Tom; but Agnes went, and then turning to his sister he inquired if Agnes would not be of the party.

"How can she?" said his aunt, impatiently. "She must stop at home with her uncle; you know how difficult he has been to manage this morning; it is thoughtless of her to go out in this way!"

Tom began eagerly to say, that his father had not been impatient; and that his having gone out in his bath-chair was a very good thing, and then, again turning to his sister, he inquired whether Agnes was not to be of the party.

Ada said she did not know; she had not been invited; but there was no objection to her going with them.

"My dear," interrupted Mrs. Colville, "how

can she go in her mourning, which is very shabby! Poor thing! she would be very uncomfortable in such a party."

"Ladies can dress themselves with a deal of taste and elegance even in mourning," said Tom, pertinaciously.

"Certainly," said Ada; "and if Agnes really were going, there are some beautiful things even here which would be very becoming to her. Suppose, aunt, we were to buy her one."

"My dear," returned Mrs. Colville, "what is the use of taking people out of their sphere. Agnes cannot go out everywhere with us. Besides there would not be room in the carriage. In a little while we shall be having little rural parties and quiet dinners," said she, recollecting that these things were to Mr. Latimer's taste, "and then we can take her with us. At present, let her attend to her duties; besides, her position in life does not fit her for general society."

"But Miss Agnes Lawford, in point of position, is equal to any of us," said Miss Bolton; "and I am sure that Mrs. Acton would include her in every invitation she gave."

Tom looked approvingly on the young lady; and Mrs. Colville, who seemed not to hear what was said, turned to her favorite niece, and asked whether she had decided on the pink or the white dress.

"I have decided on the pink dress," said Ada.

Tom had that morning induced his father to go out in his bath-chair; the exercise and the fresh air had done him good; he was unusually cheerful: declared that he would have no more of Archdeacon Colville that day, and that Agnes must sit down and amuse him. Poor Agnes was not at all in a humor for amusing anybody; her uncle said that she was very dull and stupid, and he could not think what was amiss with her, and really, if walking did her no more good, she had better stay at home. From that day, however, the old gentleman went out daily himself; and Agnes had thus a few hours for leisure if not for enjoyment. The thought of the poor inmates of the caravan was forever present to her mind, and it was not many days before she again betook herself to the woodland lane, to inquire after the sick woman, and to see the child which had so painful and so peculiar an interest for her. But the lane was solitary from one end to the other—the caravan and its people were gone. A fear took possession of her mind lest they were gone forever, and she reproached herself for having done so little, where so much was required from her.

Agnes could not but think of her cousin Tom—many things obtruded him upon her mind, and nothing more than his kindness and sympathy towards her, so different from the cold, proud Ada. And why is Ada so cold and proud, and why is my Aunt Colville so austere and unkind? questioned she painfully, many a time. Ah, she felt so bitterly that this was not home; and yet all the more did home-affections and home-pleasures cling about her heart! She really had no home—she was dependant, and was made to feel her dependance. No one seemed to have sympathy with her or kindness for her—no one but her old infirm uncle and her cousin Tom; her uncle she really loved, and was ready to serve with all her might—but Tom! Ah, poor Agnes! how she feared any insidious, sliding sentiment of love entering her heart for him! The little child, and poor Jeffkins and his daughter, warred in her soul

against him. He is selfish and cold-hearted, said she, and nothing but my miserable, friendless condition makes my heart weakly incline to him! Thus she reasoned and pondered; and all this reasoning and pondering on his character and conduct might have been perilous to her peace, had she not endeavored to act in an open, straight-forward course, and as far as she could see it in the entire fulfilment of her duty. She had come to Lawford with no definite idea of the place she was to occupy in the family, whether she was to be guest, adopted daughter, or humble domestic friend. All was in darkness around her; but she soon found out one little straight-forward path of duty, and that was devotion to her uncle; and now, more than ever, she resolved to keep herself to that, and leave the rest to God. For this reason, she was careful in no way to obtrude herself on any of the family or their guests; and such hours as were not spent in attendance on her uncle, she spent either in walking or in her own chamber, where she could at least command solitude and the indulgence of her own thoughts.

A day or two after that on which the dresses for the grand party were purchased, Tom Lawford surprised his sister Ada, by asking her to come into his room where he had something of importance to consult her upon. Her heart beat violently, and she thought that it must be connected with Latimer.

"I want to take you into my council, Ada," said he, speaking as if with difficulty, which really was the case, for he had done violence to his natural reserve on this occasion.

Ada stood looking at him in silence awaiting his words.

"My aunt and Mrs. Sam," said he, "spoke the other day of Agnes' dress not being fit to appear in society in; now, Ada, will you give her a dress? will you get a dress made for her?"

Ada smiled, and Tom felt ready to repent of what he had done,

"It would not be agreeable to her," said he, assuming at once an air of boldness and decision, "nor should I like her to know that I make her a present."

Ada smiled, thinking to herself that her brother was captivated by this quiet and gentle cousin.

"I admire it in you, Tom," said she, speaking in her occasionally energetic manner, "and I will assist you in any way that I can. Agnes is a very good girl, and my heart often reproaches me regarding her: and her life is dull enough here. But let me see what you have purchased."

Tom never felt so awkward in his life before, as when he drew forth a considerable packet, and displayed to his sister the costly dress he had purchased.

Ada looked at it with surprise, and said not a word.

"You do not approve of what I have done?" said Tom.

"Yes, I do, with all my heart," said Ada, "but what will my aunt say?"

"Oh!" said Tom, at once struck by a new and bright idea, "the present is not mine, it is my father's, only I was commissioned by him to purchase it."

"Very peculiar of my father," said Ada, smiling, "to commission you to purchase a lady's dress; but, never mind! I admire your thoughtfulness and your kindness," said she, hastily putting the things together.

"Never let any one know," said Tom, "that this gift is from me. Above all things, never let her know it, else I should hate to see her wearing it!"

"It is my father's gift," said Ada, smiling again.

"And must be kept a profound secret till the night of the party," said Tom; "and then she is to go with us."

"She shall," said Ada.

CHAPTER XI.

The days went on, and the time of Mr. Latimer's return was at hand. Agnes had heard so much of him, and saw so plainly the excitement which his expected presence occasioned, that she, too, could not help having a great curiosity about him. Her uncle had described him over and over again—had described him as handsome, good, and clever, unlike every one else of their acquaintance; the only drawback being that he was a little, the least in the world, inclined to Whiggism; but of that, as he grew older, he would mend, said the old gentleman, consolingly. He was so good a landlord, so wise a magistrate, so fine a scholar, said he; he was quite sure that Agnes had never seen his equal among all the great and learned people that she had seen in London! Agnes listened; and, spite of her curiosity, a sort of reaction was occasioned in her mind. "My uncle's ideas of excellence," thought she, "are so different from mine, that I am sure to be disappointed. I have seen more men of intellect than any of the good people here, and finer scholars, and more perfect gentlemen: and I know that he will fall far short of my standard of perfection!"

This skepticism was, however, a little staggered one morning, when Mrs. Acton, not finding either Mrs. Colville or Ada at home, introduced herself into the library, where Agnes sat with her uncle. This, then, was Mr. Latimer's sister, with that bright, intelligent, kind countenance! It was possible that her brother might be like her, and if so, he must be all that his friends described him. Never had any one yet at Lawford shown to Agnes the same consideration and attention as this lady; and yet she knew that Agnes was poor, was a dependant in the family. Had she been a countess in her own right, she could not have received more marked attention. "As Mr. Frank Lawford's daughter," said she, to the old gentleman, when Agnes was absent from the room for a moment, "she is to me extremely interesting—and what a beautiful countenance she has!"

"Dear me! we never reckoned her handsome; hardly good-looking," said the old gentleman, quite astonished and yet pleased, for Agnes was very dear to him.

With, as it were, an instinctive sense, Agnes felt that Mrs. Acton was a kindred spirit, that she belonged to the class of mind to which she was allied, and with whom she had hitherto lived. A sentiment of inexpressible sadness oppressed her heart, she knew not why, an anxiety, a tenderness that made her long to weep upon the bosom of such a friend. It was as if, for the first time since her father's death, she breathed the spirit of her own home. Not a word, however, of this was expressed; but Mrs. Acton might have divined it; for, at parting, she pressed a warm kiss on Agnes' lips, and expressed a desire that they might often meet, that they might be friends.

Mrs. Acton, during her call, mentioned the

great party which was at hand, and said, she hoped that they might meet there. She also congratulated Agnes on the friendship that must subsist between her cousin Ada and herself. She spoke of Ada with warmth and kindness; called her a noble and a generous-hearted girl, and said that she considered her as beautiful in mind as in person. Agnes was grieved that she could not respond as warmly as she saw was expected to the praises of her cousin, and felt, as she had often done before, how differently things and characters present themselves to the rich and the poor, to the powerful and the dependent.

It was now the last week in May, and the whole country was one gush of mature vernal beauty. "Glorious weather," all the world said, "for the grand party at Merley Park!" Nothing had been talked of but this party for weeks; and since the time when Mrs. Acton had expressed a wish and an expectation of meeting Agnes there, the desire to go had taken possession of her mind.

"Is Agnes going to Merley Park on Wednesday?" asked old Mr. Lawford, one day, of his sister Colville.

Agnes' heart beat, and she glanced to her aunt for an answer.

"She has not been asked," said Aunt Colville; "but that is not of so much consequence: the question is, can you spare her, and whether she wishes to go?" said she, looking at Agnes, with an expression that said as plainly as words, "Of course you do not!"

"I should very much like to go," replied Agnes, decidedly but timidly.

"You should?" said Aunt Colville, in a tone of bitter surprise; "but there are many things to be considered. I don't very well see how we can make room in the carriage. I dislike crowding on such occasions: there will be Mr. and Mrs. Sam, Ada, and myself."

"Sam can go with me," said Tom, who was present; "or, Mr. and Mrs. Sam can drive together."

"And then your dress," continued Aunt Colville, "it would not do to go badly dressed."

"I will give her a dress," said her uncle: "see that she has a handsome one; I know that Mrs. Acton will expect to see her there."

"We must see if you are well enough, brother," continued the pertinacious old lady; "but you know that you are often very poorly of an evening. You have often kept Ada and me at home; and I know that Agnes would not wish to go, unless it were quite convenient. This is a large party, and I don't know whether we ought to take an additional one with us; and there will be plenty of opportunities, besides this, of her going out with us."

Agnes felt wounded; to her it seemed as if no one wished her to go; and with an agitation of voice, which she in vain tried to repress, she replied, that she would stay at home.

"Well, I see no great hardship in it," said Mrs. Colville; "and I think it better that you should."

No more was said; visitors were announced, and the subject, as Agnes believed, passed from every mind but her own.

The day of the party was at hand, and news came to the hall that Mr. Latimer had arrived at home. They expected to meet him for the first time at Merley Park. A stillness and repose seemed, for some days past, to have fallen upon the household at Lawford, as of intense and almost breathless expectation. Ada was unusually calm

and pale, and her beautiful countenance had a pensive, nay, almost anxious expression, which Agnes interpreted as the expression of intense love. Mrs. Sam had long interviews with Mrs. Colville, but about what nobody knew.

The beautiful dresses for the party came home on the day it was to take place, and with them the one for Agnes. Mrs. Colville was amazed. She had no idea, she said, that her brother had really given an order for one. No less surprised was Agnes: a very natural reaction took place in her own mind; she had been unjust to them; they were kinder to her than she had imagined. She was filled with gratitude and love; her countenance beamed with happiness. The surprise of such unlooked-for kindness, and the anticipation of now really meeting Mrs. Acton that very night, and seeing Mr. Latimer, filled her with a quiet animation which gave altogether a new expression to her whole person. With affectionate gratitude she hastened to her uncle, to thank him for his munificent present. "I know that I owe all this to you, dear uncle," she said; "but much as I should like to go, if I thought you would miss me, or that you were not so well, I would gladly stop at home."

What a blessed feeling, capable of every sacrifice, is that of love and gratitude!

The old gentleman was as much pleased as she was. He ordered her to put on her new dress, and come down to be looked at. He smiled and kissed her, and said that she really was a very lovely girl, and that he had no idea that she could look so handsome. He insisted on Ada and Aunt Colville coming down to see her. But Aunt Colville was at that moment busy; she was in Ada's dressing-room, passing judgment on that young lady's dress; for her toilette on this evening was of particular importance, and nothing could exceed its elegance.

"Have you seen my little Agnes?" asked Mr. Lawford, as half an hour afterwards Aunt Colville entered. "She is really quite charming!"

"I have," said Mrs. Colville; "but I must tell you, brother, that I had a great deal rather she did not go. It never was my wish that she should; we have no room for her in the carriage, and she is not expected. She knows nobody who will be there; she will have to sit all the evening without dancing! You do not consider these things!"

"She'll get partners," said her uncle, "never fear. If I were young, I should fall in love with her."

"Well, Mr. Lawford," said Mrs. Colville, raising herself with dignity, "I can tell you, once for all, that I am not going to take her. I had left the thing quite satisfactorily arranged; she had no expectation, till you put it into her head; and I must tell you that it is no kindness to take her out to such parties. What is she, in fact?—but a sort of domestic!"

"She is my niece!" said Mr. Lawford, in a towering passion; "and I insist upon it that she goes!"

"I shall not take her!" said the lady, with decision.

The two might have proceeded to even fiercer contention, had they not, at this moment, been interrupted by Agnes herself, who, still in her new dress, and with eager and delighted astonishment in her countenance, entered with a set of splendid jet ornaments in her hand. The fact was, that when she returned to her chamber, and was about to take off her dress, her eye was caught by a

carefully-wrapped-up packet on her toilette table, addressed to herself. She opened it, and found it to contain these ornaments.

Who had given them to her? was her first question. How kind and generous every one was to her! thought she; and, believing the donor to be her cousin Ada, she entered her dressing-room with a freedom which she had never used before.

"I know, dearest Ada," said she, "that you have given me these. How beautiful they are—exactly the ornaments I want. How you all make me love you!"

"I have not given them to you," replied Ada, as much astonished as her cousin. "I never saw them before!"

"Then, to whom am I obliged?" asked Agnes.

"Perhaps to papa," returned Ada, thinking that very likely this conjecture was not true, however.

With this, Agnes hastened to her uncle, and entered, as we have seen, in the midst of contention regarding herself. In a moment, she saw the excited and angry countenances of both her relatives; and holding the ornaments displayed in her hand, she stood for a second, and then, apologizing for her intrusion, was about to withdraw, but her aunt called her back.

"Agnes," said she, "I give you credit for a great deal of good sense, and perhaps for some knowledge of the world—Do you wish in reality to go with us this evening?"

"And why not, aunt?" said she.

"Why not?" repeated her aunt, with difficulty suppressing her passion. "Because, unless you had been especially invited, I consider your duty to be in attendance on your uncle."

"I do not want her attendance," said the old gentleman, angrily; "and I say she shall go! Am I to be thwarted in this way? No; I tell you plainly that Agnes shall go, or else Ada shall stay too!"

Agnes' heart beat tumultuously, and she seemed hurled at once into the dust from the pinnacle of delight to which she had been unexpectedly raised.

"Agnes," said her aunt, almost fiercely, "are you going to be a firebrand amongst us?"

"Indeed, I am not," returned Agnes, meekly, "at least not willingly; and to end the contest, of my own free will I prefer to remain at home. You and I, dearest uncle," said she, laying her hand on the back of his chair, "will have a quiet evening together." More she could not say, for her heart was very full.

"I know, Mrs. Colville," said the old gentleman, "that you think me a childish, fanciful old man, who must have somebody to look after him and amuse him: now, I am not this; and I tell you plainly that Agnes shall not be kept at home for my sake. I do not want her; I do not wish her to stay; I can take care of myself, and amuse myself. I dislike being treated like a child, Mrs. Colville."

Mrs. Colville, who had full reliance on Agnes' own pride and good sense, replied in a much more moderate and amiable tone than she had hitherto spoken in. "At our time of life, brother," she said, "it is not seemly for us to be disputing about trifles. I think I must have given evidence enough how much your dear children's interest is at my heart. If, however, you cannot trust our sweet Ada to me, you must find another chaperon for her. But that shall make no difference in my feelings towards her; and as to Agnes, I will leave it to herself. She shall go to-night, if she likes, and I will be a good chaperon to her, and I will do all

I can to get her introduced to partners and people; but if she knows anything of parties of this kind, she knows very well, that unless a girl have acquaintance in the room, or have great beauty or fortune to bring her into notice, she may sit the whole evening like a cipher in the room; and I know nothing more painful to witness than that, to say nothing of what the feeling of it must be."

Agnes thought to herself, that the fact of her being the daughter of Mr. Frank Lawford would, in such society as she had any knowledge of, give her distinction enough; but, thus appealed to by her aunt, she replied, that she should greatly prefer staying at home. Poor girl! she never had really felt till then how the spirit of pride and arrogance can set its foot upon a human heart, and crush it to the dust. She felt utterly humiliated; she longed to weep freely: to pour forth her outraged feelings into some tender, sympathizing bosom; but none was near her.

Mrs. Colville had gained her point. When did she fail of doing so!—and this being the case, she could even flatter.

"I must say, Agnes," she said, "that your dress is handsome and very becoming. I am sure you are greatly obliged to your uncle; and these," she said, taking up the jet rosary which hung in Agnes' hand—"these, too, are your uncle's present, I suppose?"

"I came to thank you for them, dear uncle," said Agnes, turning to him.

"I know nothing about them," returned he, petulantly. "They are not of my giving, and I wish I might not be bothered."

"Whose giving are they, then?" said Aunt Colville; "but we must see about that;" and, as if with the intention of doing so, she left the room.

"Go, Agnes," said her uncle, "I can do very well without you."

"Are you angry with me, then?" asked she, no longer able to suppress her emotions.

"No, I am not angry with you," said he, in a husky voice; "but I can do without you: not that I am angry with you, my poor girl," added he, seeing her weeping figure before him attired in that splendid dress, which so little accorded with her state of mind; "but I do not wish them to think that I am quite an idiot. Now, go!"

"Not until you have kissed me!" returned Agnes, feeling that she needed this token of reconciliation and kindness to keep her heart from breaking.

"Well, well," said her uncle, kissing her with real affection—"there is no need for us to quarrel. There, now, don't spoil your good looks with crying. I wanted everybody to see to-night how lovely you were. I know they think you a plain girl; but you are not so!"

Agnes smiled at her uncle's compliment, and withdrew. She returned to her chamber, and took off the beautiful dress which, but a short time before, had filled her with such joy and gratitude. How differently it looked to her now! The charm and beauty was gone from it; and she felt acutely that, let even this dark time pass away, the sting of it would long remain. Anguish of heart and mortification seemed stitched into every fold, and it seemed to her as if she never could put it on again. Those ornaments, too—which the donor no doubt intended should give her pleasure—were the subject of unpleasant questioning and surmise. She enclosed them again in their case; and, throwing herself on her bed, wept bitterly.